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SAINT ANDREW

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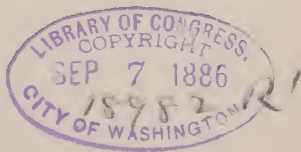
THE MISSIONARY

THE PATRON SAINT

BY

PETER ROSS

Secretary North-American United^{ed} Caledonian Association



NEW YORK
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TO

JOHN S. KENNEDY,

PRESIDENT OF THE SAINT ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF THE

STATE OF NEW YORK,

AND HIMSELF A PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SCOT ABROAD,

HONORING BY HIS SUCCESSFUL CAREER THE LAND OF HIS

BIRTH AND THE LAND OF HIS ADOPTION, AND THE

CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF AN ORGANIZATION WHICH

GENEROUSLY FULFILLS THE INJUNCTION TO

"RELIEVE THE DISTRESSED,"

I DEDICATE THIS ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE LIFE OF

"Our Patron Saint."

P R E F A C E .

I HAVE often been asked to furnish particulars regarding the life and travels of Saint Andrew by people on this side of the Atlantic, who, from national and other sympathies, have been interested in knowing something about the Patron Saint of Scotland. It was to do this more fully than could otherwise be attempted that the present volume was written.

During several years past I have been diligently investigating all the sources from which a knowledge of Saint Andrew could be gathered. Except the references in the Gospels, there is very little information in existence which will stand the test of critical inquiry. I have, however, carefully compared all the materials at my command, and out of them have woven a narrative which is at least probable in its outlines, if all its details can not be substantiated. All the known facts concerning the Saint have been used, and the other incidents necessary to complete the biography

have been adopted after much consideration of the less reliable matter.

I trust that the volume may prove acceptable to the Scot at home as well as to the Scot abroad, and to all who, in the good works of charity and religion, preserve the kindly memory of Saint Andrew. I have given slight sketches of several of the leading Scottish charitable societies on this Continent for the purpose of illustrating the mission which is carried on under the name of the Saint. For much of the data contained in these I desire to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. George Goodfellow, Philadelphia, and Mr. Alexander Hunter, Boston.

I have derived much benefit from having ready access to the columns of the *Scottish-American*, of New York, and for that, as for many other favours, I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. A. M. Stewart. My thanks are also due to my esteemed friend, Mr. Alexander Manson of this city, for his kindly assistance while the volume was passing through the press.

PETER ROSS.

NEW YORK, September, 1886.

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SAINT ANDREW.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

THE name Andrew is of Greek origin, and has been variously interpreted as meaning “manly,” “a brave man,” and the like. In this respect the name commends itself to all, and causes it to be peculiarly applicable as that of the Patron Saint of brave and powerful nations. It has been a favourite in all civilized countries, and so continues to this day, and it has been borne by many of the greatest, most powerful, and wisest men in the history of the world.

Saint Andrew was born at Bethsaida, and came of a family of fishers. No trace of Bethsaida now remains, and even its exact location is a subject of considerable dispute. It seems certain, however, that it was on the north shore of the Lake of Gennesaret, and that the river Jordan divided it into two distinct sections. One of these sections was inhabited almost solely by fishermen, all of whom were poor. The other portion was much more aristocratic, and

was built by Philip Herod, Tetrarch of Gaulonitis, who named it Julius, in honour of the daughter of the Roman emperor. As has been often proved, it is easy to give a name to a place and quite another thing to make people call it by that designation, however appropriate or pretty it may be. The citizens and neighbours, at all events, did not take kindly to the innovation, and continued to speak of both the old and the new towns by the common name of Bethsaida, which means literally, "House of Fish." By accepting this theory, based however upon undisputed facts, and in which the best authorities seem to agree, we can reconcile several apparent contradictions. John, for example, tells us that Bethsaida was in Galilee, and Josephus that it was in Gaulonitis. It also disposes of a favourite conjecture of many writers to the effect that there existed two Bethsaidas on Gennesaret, one on the north-eastern side and another on the western. This notion, although it has been very positively argued, seems to be quite untenable and altogether improbable in the light of the most modern travel and research.

Jonas, the father of Andrew, was, as has been said, a fisherman, and poor. The country generally was in a sad state at the time in which we are introduced to him in Holy Writ. Its fairest energies lay dormant under the heel of Roman rule, and the tyranny and cruelty of Herod, the sub-ruler, had reduced its industries to a very low ebb. It was felt that the condition of things which then existed could not long continue and that a change must come; whether for the good or not mattered but little. A change could not make the people more miserable and oppressed than they were, and might possibly result to their benefit. The

tax-gatherer sucked the very vitality of the husbandman and the trader. Even the little which one might save after satisfying all demands was not beyond molestation, and most people lived literally from hand to mouth. Murmurs filled the air, threats against the ruling powers were frequently uttered, and now and again came an open rebellion, which, like that of Judas of Galilee, caused the Roman governor much dismay, and brought about a fearful amount of bloodshed and renewed cruelties, robberies and hardships. It was a terrible state of things, difficult for us to even realise in these modern days.

A mere fisherman as Jonas was, is never, even under the most favourable auspices, much more than in comfortable circumstances. We may therefore easily imagine how, in the time of which we write, it would be a beggarly and disheartening business indeed. Its uncertainties are always perplexing, the fisher literally takes his life with him as he pursues his calling, and when people have little money they cannot afford to give much for their food. From its very nature, the produce of the industry of Jonas, if sold at all, had to be sold almost immediately after its capture and just for what it would bring in the vicinity. Railways, and specially prepared cars, were not then in existence, by means of which distant markets could quickly be reached. We may therefore conclude that the principal food on which Jonas and his family, and the families of his neighbours in similar circumstances, lived was the direct product of his own toil. It is very unlikely that he meddled with the soil. Most fishermen appear to have an aversion to anything like farm or garden work. This seems strange, but nevertheless it is true as a general rule.

I have known fishermen in the north-east of Scotland who might have added very considerably to their comfort had they cultivated with any degree of diligence the small garden patch behind their cottages. Rather than turn their hand to work of that sort however, they allowed it to remain overrun with rank, unhealthy-looking weeds. I have seen a similar state of things in fishing villages on the eastern shore of Ireland, as well as in several parts of England. Jonas therefore led a hard life, and as he suffered so did his family.

It is only a matter of conjecture that Andrew was born about B.C. 10. So far as we know, Jonas had only two sons—Andrew and Peter—and although it is not known which was the elder, it is generally supposed that Andrew was a year or so the junior of Peter. The two boys as soon as they were able would, of course, be required to help their father in his trade on the lake. Thus, almost uneducated to any knowledge of the world beyond what they saw of it with their own eyes, and with stories of their nation's history and lost greatness told them perhaps in legend and song, the two boys grew in years. Dr. Macduff seems to be of the decided opinion, however, that the education of these lads was more perfect than is generally supposed. At least he so speaks of Peter, and if his surmises be true it is safe to assume that Andrew's mind received equal training. "We have good reason to infer," he says, "that Peter's early education was more than elementary. From the conversation he held with Cornelius at a long subsequent period it is evident he must have mastered the Greek language, and the same conclusion must be drawn from the style of his epistles. Nor must we adopt a different

impression from the phrase afterward applied to Peter and John that they were 'unlettered and ignorant men.' In the words of Dr. Kitto this simply means that they had not received what was considered a high theological education, which added to the common education a *critical* knowledge of Hebrew, an acquaintance with the law and the traditions of the Fathers; and whoever had not received this education in the schools was regarded as an uneducated man by the arrogant Pharisees of the day, whatever other knowledge he might possess."

Now there is no doubt that there was a synagogue in Bethsaida, just as there was one in every town,* and connected with this synagogue would be a school. It may be that the religious house of these fishers was at Capernaum, and that the nearest school was there. The teachers were of course the priests and their assistants, and the principal studies would be the reading and expounding of the law, and the prophets. It is also true that every Jewish youth was bound to receive a certain amount of education at these schools, or rather he was supposed to be compelled to attend them for a sufficient length of time to acquire these necessary elements. Of course there were dunces then as well as now, and a stupid boy could not be kept at school beyond a certain time no matter how little he had learned. And then there would be many ways of evading this law when a wish for so doing existed. In Britain at the present day there is a very beneficial law which makes it imperative that children should continue at school, more

* According to Prideaux, "Old and New Testament Connected," the rule was that "a synagogue was to be erected in every place where there were ten *Batlnim*, that is ten persons of full age and free condition always at leisure to attend the service of it."

or less, every week day until they are fourteen years of age. This is supposed to be a much more enlightened epoch than that of 12, B. C. and the means of working people are known to be considerably greater on the average than they were then, and yet how often in reading British newspapers do we find complaints before the magistrates that the law is evaded. So it would be to a greater extent in Judea. Then again when people are so miserably poor that it is only by hard work and constant grim planning that they can, day after day, procure sufficient food to keep them from actual want, the value of education becomes wonderfully lessened in their eyes. Wherever we read we will find this to be true, that, where people are miserably poor, the moment a child becomes strong enough to earn something, be it ever so little, he is set to work. I have read even of miners in Europe being so very poor that when their little daughters were strong enough to carry a small measure of coal they were sent to work at the pithead filling trucks, or assisting at least, and thus by their tiny earnings help to supply the family wants. When a man is poor he will do many things, and allow his children to act in many ways, which he would never dream of were not want, like a grim gaunt wolf, ever at his door. I have no doubt, therefore, that Andrew and Peter attended the synagogue school and learned a little, but their attendance would certainly be irregular.* Possibly it was better that

* Even the education which Jesus received at these common schools, if we may so call them, was very slight. Archdeacon Farrar says on this point :—"The schools in which Jesus learned were not the schools of the scribes, but the school of holy obedience, of sweet contentment, of unalloyed simplicity, of stainless purity, of cheerful toil, * * The education of a Jewish boy of the humbler classes was almost wholly scriptural and moral, and his parents were, as a rule, his sole teachers.

it should be so, and that He who was to make them fishers of men should have as little trouble as possible in moulding their minds into conformity with His plans, and in impressing them with all the sublime beauty of His method, or as much of it at least as mortality could behold.

We can hardly doubt that the child Jesus was taught by Joseph and Mary to read the Shema (Deut 6:4) and the Hallel (Psalms 114—118), and the simpler parts of those holy books on whose pages His divine wisdom was hereafter to pour such floods of light." All other conjectures as to the education of Jesus such as his being able to write, and his knowledge of Greek, are purely fanciful, so far as human training was concerned.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARING FOR THE MASTER.

THERE was, however, one quality which Peter and Andrew possessed in common with all the Jews of the time—a spirit of pure devoted patriotism. They had faith in their country and its future greatness over all the nations of the earth. The Jews cowered, of course, under the merciless rod of their pro-Roman rulers, and felt keenly the abjectness of their position, but no matter how down-trodden people may be, if hope still lingers in their breasts it cannot be said that they have descended to the lowest level or tasted the very dregs of the cup of human misery. And the hope of the Jews was sure and certain of realization some day, for, as they reasoned, did not the prophets, those holy men of old, some of whom spoke with God and walked beside Him, prophecy it? Was not the Messias to come to free the people from their bondage, to restore their kingdom and bless their land for ever? Regarding this promised Messiah undefined and vague notions prevailed. Geikie, in his “Life of Christ,” says: —“The prevailing idea of the Rabbis and the people alike in Christ’s day was that the Messiah would be

simply a great prince, who should found a kingdom of matchless splendour. Nor was the idea of His heavenly origin at all universal; almost all fancied He would be only a human hero who should lead them to victory.* They thought, with their teachers, that their faith was pure and undefiled, and that they fulfilled all the requirements of their creed. Only a few dreamed that the mission of Jesus was directly a mission of religion. Their hope for heaven was based on what they considered was a sufficient foundation, and the "Mighty Prince" so long promised was only to improve their earthly condition and change them from being poor, downtrodden bondsmen into the very envied of the world. According to many of their authorities the time had now arrived when the prophecies should be fulfilled and an era of expectation had dawned over Judea.

So when the voice of John the Baptist was heard saying,

* The Rev. Dr. D. S. Gregory in his able work, "Why Four Gospels?" states the most generally accepted idea thus:—"To the true Israel, the Simeon's and Anna's, the doctrine of the Messiah was the support and solace in the trial and sorrow which fell upon the later days of the old dispensation, and made way for the opening of the new. But the masses had departed from the correct teaching on this subject. They had not read the prophets aright. They had started out from the prediction of Christ as the son and heir of David, or as king, and had warped all their reading and interpretation to agree with their worldly notions of what was demanded by that. The Roman Empire dazzled them, and they could only interpret prophecy in its light. David had conquered and imposed tribute on the surrounding nations, had led the armies and decided the great civil questions, had made Israel one of the most powerful kingdoms of the earth. The Jew overlooked or explained away everything that did not accord with the temporal splendour of a king and kingdom after this model. He had cast away that grander idea of a spiritual, universal, and everlasting kingdom which fills the books of the Prophets. He had lost sight of the part to be played by the prophet and priest in the Messianic work and character. His Messiah was to be the Jewish Caesar of the world."

“Repent, repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand,” and he announced himself as the fore-runner of the Messiah in words whose eloquence aroused the heart, a wonderful amount of enthusiasm was awakened in the country. Thousands of all degrees and of every age flocked to hear that strange man—in clear, impassioned, ringing words—speak of the glorious things which were shortly to happen. “Prepare ye the way of the Lord,” he said, “make His paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough ways shall be made smooth, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.”

It is very evident, however, that the great bulk of the people who flocked around John and drank in his sayings did not place any value upon him as a religious teacher. They often questioned him, but so far as we can judge, his answers, clear enough now to us through the whole light of the gospels, failed to satisfy them. But as a forerunner of their promised deliverer he continued to attract the multitude from all parts of Judea, and among the rest came Andrew and Peter and another Bethsaida lad named Philip, who, like the others, had their patriotism stirred by listening to his impassioned harangues and his magnificent orations.

In the early part of his ministry John seems, unconsciously undoubtedly, to have devoted much of his teaching to the political part of the reformation which so engrossed his soul. He advocated the purest morality and integrity. He denounced sin, whether in the Pharisee or Sadducee, and taught that the religion of the priests was not all-sufficient or perfect in the sight of God. Love was another

theme upon which he dwelt, and his words were so true and his aspirations so noble that many began to think that he was the Messiah himself. He was even questioned publicly on that point, and gave it a most emphatic and memorable denial. From the moment, however, that he beheld Christ, and from the instant that he baptised Him, the key-note of the Baptist's teaching changed, and it became "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

From the record left by St. John in his Gospel neither Andrew nor Peter appear to have been present when our Saviour received His baptism in the Jordan, but the news soon spread, and they quickly heard related the marvellous events which accompanied the immersion. On the following day, while Andrew was standing beside John, Jesus approached, and the Prophet said, as he saw Him, "Behold the Lamb of God." Then, writes John (afterwards the Apostle) in his Gospel, "The two disciples (John and Andrew) heard Him speak, and they followed Jesus. Then Jesus turned and saw them following, and saith unto them, 'What seek ye?' They said unto Him, 'Rabbi,' (which is to say, being interpreted, Master), 'where dwellest thou?' He saith unto them, "Come and see.' They came and saw where He dwelt and abode with Him that day, for it was about the tenth hour." In his life of St. Peter, Dr. Macduff thus comments on this interview and what immediately followed it:—"Where and what was the dwelling of this friendless Messiah we are not informed. For the last forty days He had been without home or shelter; as St. Mark in his usual graphic way describes, He was 'with the wild beasts.' He may

now, like some of the pilgrims who had come to hear the desert preacher, have been under the cover of a canvas tent, or, like others of them, He may have abode in a little succoth, a sylvan hut made of green boughs from the adjoining forest, having on the top, as we have seen in the Bedawy encampments, oleander and willow, palm and sycamore, with a striped blanket of camel's hair. . . . How long the interview lasted that memorable spring evening we are not informed. Probably it was far on towards midnight ere they separated. Next morning still further reveals what had been the result of that intercourse on their own souls. In their dreams a ladder, brighter and more glorious than that of their great ancestor, with its troops of clustering angels, had been presented to them and transformed the banks of the historic river into a second Bethel, a truer 'House of God,' than that of the Patriarch. Andrew, eager to make others he loved partakers in the joy with which his own heart overflowed, hurries in breathless haste to his brother Simon (Peter) to communicate the tidings. 'We have found the Messias*, which is, being interpreted, the Christ (the

* The Rev. William Graham, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in the London Presbyterian College, in a sermon entitled "The First Missionary," thus summarizes the main lessons which may be drawn from this grand incident in the career of the Saint:—"After one interview with the Lord Andrew did not wait for a second—he went off at once to bring others to Him. Many would have said, 'Oh, we do not know enough! we can do nothing.' But Andrew's heart was on fire; he could not be quiet. Students of our country's history know something of this. A hundred and fifty years ago two men were raised up by God to push back ignorance and infidelity in England. Wesley and Whitefield appeared as two burning coals from God's altar, and set the country in a blaze. Justification and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit were the two grand themes they preached; and in England, Scotland, and America the fire is still burning brightly. Another point is that Andrew went to speak to his brother before he became an Apostle.

Anointed One). And he brought him to Jesus.'” This bringing of Peter to Jesus makes St. Andrew rank as the first worker as well as the first called among the disciples, and has won for him the title of “The Rock before the Rock.”

Christ did not tell him to go. He laid no command upon him. But the Christ within him said, “Go.” I have a feeling that he never would have been chosen as an apostle if he had not used just the strength and knowledge which he then possessed. Not using what he had, that which he had would have been taken from him. A great law rules spiritual growth. The doing of Christian work prepares and fits the worker for Christian office. Character comes before position. I need not be a member of the royal academy to be an artist. I look abroad upon the world God has made—the green earth, the beautiful landscape. I can revel in the colour produced by the summer sun, and if my heart and brain are filled with beauty, I may place some of it on canvas. But without that appreciation all my efforts would only amount to daubs—colour without soul.

Last of all, let us notice the success of Andrew. He finds his brother. He speaks four words to him, “We have found Messiah.” That was all. Four words touched with God’s fire reached his conscience, touched his heart. And who was this brother? Peter—the writer of these two grand majestic epistles, esteemed to-day among the greatest treasures of the church. Andrew brought Peter, and Peter was employed by the Master to open wide the door of the kingdom to both Jews and Gentiles. He only brought Peter; but Peter was the foremost speaker when the Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost. Andrew’s speech was composed of only four words; but we can never forget we owe Peter to Andrew. Four words, glorious words spoken in faith, and they brought to the apostolate **one of the foremost of the brave band.**

CHAPTER III.

THE CALL.

AFTER this introduction to the Saviour, Andrew and Peter went back to Bethsaida. The time had not yet arrived when they were wanted for the Master's use, and besides, being poor men, they had to return to their daily toil. But the words of the Baptist and the presence of our Lord doubtless made a deep impression on them, and the incidents of that grand epoch in their lives would form the themes of many earnest discussions. That they both believed Christ to be the Anointed One seems evident, but it is probable that they did not at first realize the full importance of the fact.* Like all Jews they had anticipated

* "A perfect knowledge of the Saviour does not come to men at once, even though they may really have found Him. As Dr. Hodge says, 'We grow in grace as we grow in the knowledge of Christ.' A new convert, or a young member of a church has not the same knowledge of the Saviour which the aged servant possesses who has spent the best years of his life in the service of his Master and experienced the fullness of the joy which comes from the continued indwelling of the Spirit. The new convert may be sincere and earnest and receive gladness with the faith which has come to him, but can we compare his sense of pleasure to that which is enjoyed by the Christian of mature years whose daily walks have ever been within the shadow of the Throne? Christianity is a growth, and our personal knowledge of the greatness of Christ grows greater and clearer as the years roll on during which we hold communion with Him."—John Hobert, D.D.

that the Saviour would descend upon the earth straight from heaven in glory and grandeur and at once commence to rule. The Saviour they saw was a man as poor as themselves, and without any external evidences of power. But the wondrous loveliness of His face, the sweetness of His manner, the knowledge which He evidently possessed of their identity and the repeated assurances of the Baptist, had to a great extent neutralized their early conceptions. We all know how difficult it is to unlearn anything which we have been taught in infancy, even when we are fully aware in after life that it is wrong. There seems no doubt now that such stories as Tell shooting the apple, Washington cutting down the cherry tree, or Jenny Geddes throwing the cutty-stool in St. Giles' Cathedral are fictions, yet they have fairly ingrafted themselves, so to speak, into our minds, and we continue to think and speak of them as though they still remained undisputed facts. How much more difficult must it have been for these two half-educated Hebrew young men, full of the traditions of their country and burning under the patriotic eloquence of John the Baptist, to believe that the long promised Deliverer really had stood before them in simple ordinary attire and with no external evidences of His divine origin. We can imagine how earnestly these brothers would reason between themselves; how Peter, with his vehemence and impetuosity, would sometimes realize and then reject and find his greatest reasons for doubt in the fact that this Messiah did not at once show His full power and proceed to rectify the abuses under which Judea had so long struggled and mourned. And we can also see Andrew—mild, persuasive and thoughtful—sometimes breaking beneath Peter's argu-

ments, sometimes disposed to think that he was right, but more generally confident in the divinity of Him whom he had seen, reasoning with his brother and by his reasoning convincing him for a time that he was wrong in his doubt, and, while so doing, strengthening the faith which had sprung up in his own breast. Probably it was for the reason that they did not or could not accept the Master with the fullest assurance that they were left alone to follow in their own ways, instead of being at once directed to go with Him. It was a season of preparation, and, according to the ablest authorities, lasted for a year.

In the meantime, Jesus had fully entered upon His divine mission. He had declared Himself to Nathaniel as the Son of God and King of Israel and performed His first miracle at Cana of Galilee, where He turned the water into wine at the marriage feast. Then He went to Jerusalem, drove the money changers out of the Temple, preached to the people, and in many other ways proclaimed the new Gospel. In His own city of Nazareth He had been utterly rejected and led ignominiously without its walls, but in other places His preaching had attracted great multitudes and awakened, at least, much enquiry. News of all this doubtless reached the ears of the two young fishermen and caused them to wonder, but still we think they retained some doubts; their faith had not become whole.

Jesus went about preaching in the synagogues of Galilee and at length, one morning, reached Gennesaret. The previous night had been a bad one for fishing on the lake, and the men were washing their nets preparatory to going home when Jesus came upon the scene. He was followed by a great multitude anxious to hear more of the truth

from His lips, and crowding around to touch the garment of the Man whose sayings were so beautiful, whose claims to distinction were so great, and whose love was so apparent. To free Himself a little from this throng, and to enable all to see and hear Him, He entered a boat (which belonged, Luke says, to Simon Peter, but it was probably family property, and from Matthew and Mark we know that Andrew was present) and thrusting it out a little from the shore, taught the multitude from it. Then, says Luke, “when He had left speaking, He said unto Simon, launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught; and Simon answering said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing, nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink.” This miracle dissipated forever the last remnants of doubt in the minds of these two brothers. Here was an evidence of power which they most thoroughly appreciated and understood, and which could not be gainsaid. They had toiled hard and earnestly as men have to toil who are depending for their bread on the result of their labours, and had travelled up and down the lake all night in search of their spoil, yet without the slightest success. And here, in an instant, by the omnipotent command of Christ, their nets became so full that they were broken, and even the boats became too heavy. This was really a marvel, and impetuous in his acceptance, as in everything else, Peter could no longer constrain himself but fell down upon his

knees before the Lord, and saying "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord," yielded up his heart to him for ever. The others of the fishermen, Andrew, and James and John, sons of Zebedee, a neighbour of Jonas, were also persuaded by what they saw; or rather the latter were persuaded and Andrew was simply confirmed. Jesus replied to them "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men;" and immediately, we are told, they drew their boats into the shore, and leaving everything behind them, followed Him as He had commanded.* There is something sublime in the self-denying devotion which these men thus showed to their new found Master. They virtually gave up everything which they loved for His sake. Their occupation, though poor in its results, had become endeared to them through long association, in spite of its hardships and draw-

* "We have adverted to the deep impression on the world at large by the fact that most of the apostles were fishermen. The impression has usually been that which arises from the palpable distance and disproportion between the original calling of the men and the work to which they were appointed. It is more rarely that men have apprehended the symbolical meaning of the craft and its appropriateness as a training for the more spiritual work. * * * First it is an aggressive craft, differing from the Old Testament emblem of the shepherd, whose occupation is mainly conservative. The shepherd has to tend an existing flock; the fisherman has to find and secure his fish. Then there is in the symbol of men-fishers the idea that those whom they are set to catch are unwilling to be taken, and as fain to escape from them, as fish from the fisherman, although their purpose is not to destroy but to bless. Further, there is the notion of certain qualities needed for a successful fisherman—diligence, skill, patience, courage, and faith. Diligence, for the fisherman must look well to his nets and his ship. Skill, for he must adapt himself well to the habits of the fish. Courage, for he must expose himself to stormy elements. Patience, for many of his efforts will end in disappointment, the net will often come up empty; and faith, for success depends on conditions over some of which he has often no control. Now, these are the very qualities most needed for the ministry."—W. G. Blaikie, D.D., in "The Public Ministry and Pastoral Methods of Our Lord."

backs. Their kindred were in Bethsaida on the shore, and all whom they knew were also there. They may have had other and dearer ties in that town for all we are aware, and every nook and corner of it was known to them, and was full of fond associations. Their livelihood, hopes, and loves were there ; yet in a moment, without conscious preparation, without regret, without care, they threw all these aside and cast in their after lot with this Commander, ready to go where He ordered without enquiring why or wherefore, showing signs of nothing beyond the most implicit reliance on His power and the most perfect obedience to His will. But they at once reaped the reward of their faith, for, as Jesus afterwards said, " There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Still, the sacrifice was almost more than mere human, and its completeness suggests that the four who were thus called to follow the Lord had been divested, on the instant of their full acceptance of Him, of much of what we recognise as being common to humanity and became endowed instead with those qualities which, for want of a better name, we may call inspired. They had received a part of that divine strength which forever raised them above the level of the rest of mankind, and enabled them, long after the Master had finished His work, to continue His labours and go through the world, as known to them, proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy. This seems to be a correct theory the more we think of it, and, if we admit it to be true, we may believe that this endowing of

some men with higher spiritual qualities than are generally bestowed is still continued as a manifest work of God, even to our day. Nothing else could inspire men like Moffat, Livingstone, Duff, and thousands of others, "true modern apostles," to convey the Gospel message into unknown lands regardless of disease or even death, and find their greatest hours of rejoicing when they knew that they had really carried light into dark places and brought even one poor benighted heathen to the footstool of the Lamb.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH THE MASTER.

FROM the time he was thus finally called, Andrew remained near the Saviour until the end. Into all the details of the journeyings and teachings of our Lord's grand ministry it is needless to enter here for they belong properly to the story of His life on earth. Andrew does not seem to have played any important part among the disciples, for the references to him in the Gospels are few and very meagre, but they are sufficient to show that he was constant in his attendance on his Master. He certainly heard that wonderful sermon on the Mount in which the doctrines of the new faith or rather of the New Covenant were so beautifully set forth, and he heard Jesus teach by means of those parables which still afford themes for Christian thought and discussion, and the full measure of whose meaning is not yet made plain to us. But that the apostles understood their entire drift is beyond all question. Indeed, it would almost seem as if our Lord in most of His discourses and public sayings meant primarily to reach the hearts and understandings of His disciples, rather than merely to sway the multitudes which thronged about Him

whenever He appeared. Had He so desired or thought it best, He might, of course, have roused the congregations who listened to Him to a higher degree of enthusiasm than did his forerunner, John the Baptist, by his wonderful orations. He could have attracted thousands to His side—nay, He could have over-run the country with His adherents—all zealous and active in whatever work He placed before them. But such was not His way. His gospel was one of love and quiet persuasion, and had none of the glamour which comes from false and unnatural excitements. Such a mode would not have been so thorough as that which He in His wisdom adopted. Religious excitements soon die out. The real work of the Church is not done by new adherents, who are brought into its fold during the impulse of what is called a revival, or more properly a quickening, but by those who in season and out of season have studied and practiced the teachings and precepts of our grandest heritage—the Book of Holy Writ. These as years roll on experience a growth in grace which brings them nearer to the apostolic standard. These are the real Christian workers, and the bulwarks of the Church in our day. Revivals are of value only as they add to the number of these, and not from the thousands or tens of thousands whom they may induce, in the height of their excitement and novelty, to publicly profess their allegiance and love.

After hearing many of our Lord's discourses and expositions, and after witnessing a succession of miracles, the season of preparation for the disciples closed. They were deemed fitted for the work for which they had been called. So Jesus assembled them together, and "gave them power and authority over all devils to cast them out, and to heal

all manner of sickness and all manner of disease. And He sent them forth, by two and two, to preach the Kingdom of God and to heal the sick." His parting words to the apostles before dismissing them for their various journeys were full of encouragement and cheer, but without concealing or softening the prospects of the dangers to which they were to be exposed. His words on this occasion are the most perfect exposition of missionary labour and work ever conceived. From what can be gleaned in the Gospels we may believe that the apostles did not fare very badly at the hands of their countrymen so far as their lives or their persons were concerned ; still we hardly know any of the details of these travels. All that is vouchsafed to us is contained in a sentence or two—"And they departed, and went through the towns, preaching the Gospel, that men should repent. And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick and healed everywhere." Their journeys were of short duration for, as near as we can judge, the disciples were soon all gathered round Jesus again. They told Him of their experiences and what they had seen, and repeated to Him the doctrines they had been teaching to people.

Soon after they were united, the miracle took place in which Jesus fed the multitude. He had been followed into a desert near Bethsaida by a great concourse of people. The night came on. They were far from the village where food could be bought, and much anxiety began to be expressed—for the multitude included many women and children, as well as the aged and sick of both sexes who could ill endure privation. Then Jesus, according to the sacred narrative "saith unto Philip, 'Whence shall we buy

bread that these may eat?' And this He said to prove him, for He himself knew what He would do. Philip answered him: 'Two hundred pennyweight of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little.' But Jesus said unto them: 'They need not depart; give ye them to eat., And they said, with him 'Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread and give them to eat? He saith unto them, 'How many loaves have ye? Go and see.' One of His disciples, Andrew, Peter's brother, when he knew, saith unto Him:—'There is a lad here, who hath five barley-loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?' And Jesus said, 'Bring them hither to Me,' and He said to His disciples, 'Make them sit down by fifties in a company on the green grass.' And the men sat down in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties. And Jesus took up the five loaves and the two fishes, and looked up to Heaven, and blessed and brake the loaves, and He distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were sat down, and likewise of the two fishes divided He among them all, as much as they would. And they did all eat and were filled. When they were filled He said unto his disciples, 'Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost.' Therefore they gathered them together, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the barley-loaves and of the fishes which remained over and above unto them that had eaten. And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, besides women and children."

By his act in thus bringing food to Christ, and thereby feeding the hungry, may be found the best warrant for the charitable feature which, now-a-days, is regarded as the foremost characteristic of St. Andrew. He did what he

could by laying before the Master all that he was able to procure, and with the Divine blessing it was made more than enough to feed all who required to partake. And here it may be noticed how complete and free was this charity. Out of that great multitude no one was refused who desired to be fed. No enquiry was made as to their worthiness, no promises for the future were exacted, no evidences of actual need were demanded. It was sufficient that they were hungry to ensure their being fed. This is real charity, and when a similar course is pursued it will be found to bring always its own reward. We should at least feed the hungry without discrimination as to whether their past records are good or bad, or whether their looks or demeanour seem worthy of such aid or not.

I do not mean to assert that it is our duty to continue assistance to every applicant, or even to relieve any, except from the bodily sufferings or privations of the moment. But this I do assert, that hunger at least should always be satisfied in any one who asks so much from us, if we can comply with the request. Again, if a man is "down" there is no good to be gained either by us or by him, in keeping him "down." We ought rather to try and build him up, and there is no better or surer way of accomplishing this than by appeasing the demands of his hunger. Once these are satisfied, we may reason with him, and possibly induce him to attempt the ascent of the ladder again. Dr. Guthrie understood this principle when he made food one of the inducements in connection with his ragged schools, and, if I remember rightly, it was that same true soldier of the cross who condemned the practice, —more common in his day than now—of city missionaries

leaving a tract with a starving family when they ought to have left a loaf of bread. To remove passing miseries is the truest of all charity—nay it is the only charity. Plans for relieving the poor, promoting the employment of the labouring classes, sanitary interferences, poor laws and poor schemes in general are state matters, parts of our regular systems of government as now established, and the poor have a right to expect such measures being kept in existence for the amelioration of their condition. But charity is of the moment, as this miracle by its lesson inculcates. There is no thought in it of a fresh supply for the future, beyond the fact that the remains of the feast were not thrown aside. We hear often of miserable tramps being turned away from doors, simply because they are thought unworthy of help. We pass a besotted-looking wretch at night on the streets and refuse him the copper he asks, because he might spend our alms on rum ; and we ignore a child at midnight trying to sell some paltry wares, because it is a sin to encourage its parents in sending it out—virtually to beg. To do all this may be perfectly right according to the theories of moralists, but it is not charity. Charity would relieve the wants of these unfortunates at once, leaving it to the moral legislators and experimenters in poor-law matters to devise remedies for their general relief, to abolish the causes which have brought them so low, or to force them to be industrious and cleanly, if moral and kindly suasion will not instill into them those desirable qualities. When a charitable man or a charitable organization announces that in future only the most worthy among the poor need ask for aid, and that the unworthy will be ruthlessly turned away, pure and simple charity is

in a great measure lost sight of, and a bit of state-craft is introduced in its place. At least such calculating, discriminating benevolence is not that which is taught by this miracle. Nor, fortunately, is it the doctrine which is held by the kindly organizations of Scotsmen and their descendants which have assumed the name of Saint Andrew in this country and Canada. Most of them believe in the policy of giving a man at least one more chance, and many assert with evident sincerity that they never knowingly allow an applicant to go away unsatisfied who desired food or shelter temporarily. Others again claim with truth that no countryman or countrywoman, natives of dear Auld Scotland, no matter how poor, who quits this weary world in their midst, is permitted to sleep after death in the common burial ground allotted to paupers—the Potter's Field.

The next reference to Saint Andrew which we find in the gospels is (Mark xiii, 1 27) when Jesus foretold the destruction of the Temple. It was on the Mount of Olives, and we find that Andrew, with Peter, James and John, asked Him privately when it would come to pass. They also asked what the sign would be of the fulfillment of the prophecy, and what would be the signs of His own second coming and of the end of the world. And the Lord answered them fully and even spoke to them of the persecutions which was in store for them. In that upper chamber in Jerusalem where the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was instituted, Andrew was present with the other disciples and listened to the farewell words of the Master. We cannot tell what part Andrew played in the closing scenes of our Lord's pilgrimage. That he was near at hand,

ready to be of service should he be so commanded, we need not doubt. He knew, however, that the Master's hour had come, for had He not so prophesied, and had He not everything in readiness for the carrying on of His work after He had returned to the right hand of His Father in heaven? Very probably, too, Andrew saw Him on the cross, unable to help him, yet uncaring to help perhaps, knowing as he did that in the bitter agony of that dark hour, the will of God was being accomplished. That he was one of those to whom Mary communicated the glad tidings of the Resurrection is also very likely, although it is not so stated. But we know from the Gospel that he was present at the Ascension, and with the rest of the disciples received the parting injunction:—"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and, lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."

CHAPTER V.

WAITING AT JERUSALEM.

AFTER the events connected with the Crucifixion and the Ascension had ceased to be the subjects of engrossing attention at Jerusalem—for wonders lasted but a short time then as now—the apostles began actively to prepare for the great work which had been committed to them. To further their holy purposes, and possibly for the sake of helping each other and clearing up any doubtful points which entered into their understanding of what they were to teach, they jointly drew up a creed which was admirable for its brevity and clearness. Its words concerning Christ were as follows:—“*I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried.*” The words in italics are said to have been the contribution of Saint Andrew to the creed, while the remaining words are credited to Saint John. There is, of course, no ground for such assertions beyond the vague traditions which were gathered by the early Christian writers and are handed down to us in their works. These early students, in their zeal,

placed much value on details which more recent and thorough critical investigation has shown to be either utterly unfounded or impossible. They did a grand work, however, in gathering up the floating traditions of their time, and have thrown light on many things which might otherwise have remained forever dark to us in this world. We also learn from the "Acts of the Apostles" that the disciples, besides thus preparing themselves for their work, received many additional gifts from heaven. Before He left them the Saviour had commanded them to wait in Jerusalem for the promise of the Father to be fulfilled—which was that they were to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you : and ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." How this baptism came to them is also thus recorded. "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." The number of believers at that time was about one hundred and twenty, but they were earnest, devout, and united. Their dogma was a simple one—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved"—and this was a sufficiently engrossing and important subject for conversation or contemplation to prevent side issues or petty details from cropping up and de-

stroying the harmony which was so essential to the furtherance of Christianity then. The more lengthy or complex the doctrine the greater room there is for heresy or trouble. We can all travel easily and safely upon a single wide, smooth, beaten track and view the features of the landscape before us as we journey along, but if the road be broken up into half-a-dozen pathways, each necessarily narrow, crooked, and with plenty of little lanes opening up on either side, we are very apt to stumble and perhaps lose ourselves altogether. Even if we do neither of these things, our progress is so slow that we have too much time to observe the holes in our neighbour's coat, and watch all his peculiar movements and motions.

When we think, too, of that little devoted band of one hundred and twenty we are amazed at the wonderful results which have flowed from their union. By dint of love and persuasion the doctrines which they received from their Master soon spread, and continue to spread, all over the world. There is nothing which they taught that can now be said to be obsolete; no truth which they inculcated has given way to one which is regarded as purer or better. Their doctrines still continue to be the doctrines of our faith, and are really the only relics of eighteen hundred years ago which have come down to us, preserving their original force, and awakening day after day the same quickening influence which was theirs when they first came from the lips of the Son of God. In this enduring aspect is seen one of the most important arguments, if arguments be needed, in favour of their divine origin. For it is truth alone which endures, and it is divine truths which never change.

See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesus' love the nations fires—
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.
Fire to bring to earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
Oh, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.

When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the world doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Having completed their time of waiting the apostles divided the world, as then known to them, into sections, and drew lots to determine in which part they would each go to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy. Then they parted, never to meet together again on this earth.

It must have been an awful and solemn moment when this band of brothers broke up to fulfill their respective missions. They had not been associated together for a great many years,* but during that time a wonderful work had been accomplished. They had been drawn into the closest communion, and had lived in the most lovable, most beautiful, and holiest fraternization which the world had ever seen or will ever see again. They had enjoyed the society and conversation of the long promised Messiah, the King of the Jews, the Saviour of the World, as much and as closely as mortal men could expect. They had each been assured of His love and received His parting blessing

* It has been said, however, that twelve years elapsed from the time of the Crucifixion until the apostles separated, and that this time of preparation was really needed to completely fit them for their work.

when He ascended to heaven after the terrible experience of the bitter Cross. By Him they had been raised above the position of mere men, and given powers which elevated them almost to the level of the angels, except in so much as they had not been purged of the effects of that original sin by which death was brought into the world, and, when their time came, they would have to pass through the dark valley. But death to them meant simply the grim passage through which they would enter into the glories of heaven and rejoin their Lord and Master. It had no element in it which could inspire fear in them, for death meant victory, a realization of all their earthly hopes and aspirations, the crowning as well as the closing feature of their life-work, the reward of their toiling and suffering. To them the grave had no bitter associations. It was but an incident, full of meaning and significance, but containing nothing which could cause mourning, or wailing, or doleful apprehension.

It must have been a sad thing for these holy men to look into each other's faces for the last time. Sadder indeed than we can imagine with our imperfect light, and then the future, so far as the world was concerned, was full of gloom and continued sorrow. They knew, for so their Lord had spoken, that they were to be reviled and persecuted, and hungered and humbled, that they were to suffer iniquities and tortures, and that continual trouble, and toil, and anxiety, and misery were to be their lot. But even all these things did not dismay them, for they had had a blessed example of how these afflictions should and could be borne with the strength they knew they would receive from on high. But the responsibility which rested

upon each of them was what weighed most heavily upon them all, and added most to the sadness of their parting. They knew they would meet again under brighter auspices, but in the meantime they were stewards to whom a certain number of talents had been given and their Master expected a return. They were to carry on the work which He had begun, and for which He had so freely given up His life, and on their future unremitting persistancy and energy in this work, they knew much depended. We can imagine how earnestly they counselled together, and how devout their prayers for strength, and wisdom, and patience, and continued grace would be until the final moment came when, one by one, they left Jerusalem and went out into the world.

Much doubt existed in the minds of the earlier Christian writers as to the travels of the various disciples and the parts of the world into which they bore their message. Very little is known indeed of their after lives. St. Matthew is said to have went into Ethiopia where he was martyred. St. Thomas went to India, it has been supposed, although Nathaniel is believed to have made that eastern country his field. Peter, John, Jude, and James, the Lord's brother, we know more about, but even as to their personality our knowledge amounts to very little. It is not a little singular that men who must have made such a commotion in the world, as these men undoubtedly did, should have left so few traces of themselves upon the times in which they lived. Of some of them indeed we have no record showing that they engaged in missionary work anywhere, although the fact that our Lord enjoined them to pursue such labour seems sufficient to make us

believe that they went about wherever they were sent, delivering the message of reconciliation and salvation, which had been delivered to them. Except St. Peter, they appear to have left little direct signs of the mighty work which they, individually, most assuredly accomplished. In this, however, we can see another evidence of the greatness and justice of their cause and the purity of their own motives. They did not seek, like Mahomet, to found a religion of which they should each be a head. They preached Christ crucified, and sunk themselves in the cause for which they contended. It was not themselves they tried to elevate, but the truth as it had been taught to them. And while Christ preserved His identity and His individuality they did not and could not, for the truth was greater than the men. That they were active in their work, however, there is fortunately an abundance of evidence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MISSIONARY.

WHEN Saint Andrew left Jerusalem he went to Bethlehem to pay a parting visit to the scene of the nativity. It was towards the close of the year, the most delightful of all seasons in the East, and the traveller "on holy errand bent" must have derived courage and comfort, even pleasure, from the scene which lay before him. The sun shone brightly, the air was cool, being tempered by a light playful breeze, and the clouds in the sky were golden and assumed ever changing shapes of wondrous beauty, more gorgeous than the mind of an artist could imagine, or the deftest brush attempt to depict. No wonder such glorious skies have charmed the poets in all ages, and caused them often to be spoken of as the gates of heaven, bearing in their own beauty merely a reflection of the glories which lay beyond. To the east and south-east of the traveller lay the valley of the Jordan, the river rolling on placidly and prettily, with its banks fringed with a delightful and refreshing green. Further on was the bright blue water of the Dead Sea, and beyond it, away in the far distance, were the high hills of Moab with their tops lost

in the clouds which seemed to nestle most thickly above them. On journeyed the traveller, slowly, perhaps, as if glad to linger for a while on this, his own mission, before beginning his public work. But the distance was not too great and was soon accomplished. The farewell homage was paid to the spot whereon the Light of all future ages first broke upon the world, and then the holy man began his allotted, arduous and dangerous, but, as he well knew, exceedingly profitable task.

Leaving Bethlehem, Saint Andrew took a direct northerly course, which brought him out of Palestine to the borderland of Mesopotamia. There he did not tarry long, for that place had fallen to the lot of another, and he soon passed into Cappadocia. His ministry now really commenced, and at Melilene he preached for a considerable time, alternately resting and working, an easy introduction to his grand work. The time was close at hand when absolute rest of any kind would be unknown to him. Cappadocia was an agricultural country and thinly populated, but the inhabitants were an intellectual and earnest race, and, though somewhat dispirited and melancholy under the servitude of Rome, were easily awakened by the fire of Saint Andrew's preaching. A large number of them gladly received the message he brought, and accepted the new gospel he proclaimed with the fullest assurance. It is even supposed that Andrew met there a few who had joined the ranks of the early Christians at Jerusalem. At all events, before he left Cappadocia the people were numerous enough to form themselves into a church, based on the primitive one at Jerusalem, and it was to that church that Saint Peter directed one of his epistles.

Having thus left his mark in Cappadocia, the apostle continued his northward journey into the Province of Pontus. There, too, a few who had heard the glad tidings of the new dispensation for themselves at Jerusalem doubtless awaited him and welcomed his arrival. The people were of quite a different stamp from those of Cappadocia, and engaged much in commerce, for a magnificent stretch of the Euxine or Black Sea formed their northern boundary. The apostle appears to have made his headquarters at Trapezus, on the sea coast. The people traded with the different ports along the coast, and possessed a large fleet of boats. In one of these Andrew would obtain passage to Sinope, the most important port in the Province of Bethynia. In all likelihood the boat stopped frequently at the many little towns which dotted the coast between these two places, and at each of these the apostle would address the people, sowing seed which was at least to bear fruit after many days, if it did not fructify as it fell. This we may be sure of. No word uttered by Saint Andrew or any of the apostles' ever fell on utterly stony ground, but retained its quickening and refreshing power even although centuries rolled on after the voice was heard and the words themselves had perished. The truth that was in them could not die.

At Sinope, Andrew appears to have begun his work with extraordinary energy, and his preaching moved the people as no words of man had ever done before. He made many converts, and imparted not a little of his own magnetism to all who came within the compass of his voice. But though he was thus successful in winning many souls, the bulk of the people were cold toward him and scoffed at the new

religion which he taught. In this, of course, they were aided and encouraged by the Roman officials, to whom the continued reference to Jesus, as "King of the Jews," notwithstanding his death, was by no means palatable. The teachers of the old religion, too, were hostile and bitter—for in the Saint they beheld a man, without training and education, but who apparently spoke with the authority of a priest, and whose doctrines were in many points materially opposed to those in which they instructed the people. As the converts of the apostle increased so did the murmurs of the unbelievers, for his preaching had begun to enter into their homes and gathering places through those whose hearts he had won. So one day, while preaching in a market-place, a great crowd set upon him, and after jeering and taunting the undaunted man to their hearts content, finally ordered him to leave their city. This he refused, and they attacked and maltreated him in the most fiendish manner. But the good man remembered what the Master had foretold, and submitted to the sufferings and cruelties which they heaped upon him until his poor humanity could endure no longer, and he fell senseless to the ground. The crowd set up a great triumphant yell, and kicked the prostrate Saint. Then, thinking that life had departed, they lifted up the bruised and mangled body, and carrying it without the walls, cast it into a field as so much carrion, to feed the fowls of the air. After thus finishing, as they supposed, their cowardly work, they returned to the city exulting as victors might have done who had won some glorious victory. But Saint Andrew's time had not yet come. Those whom he had brought to a knowledge of the truth had followed him, and, when the

crowd departed, ministered to his wounds and revived him. Then they gently carried him to a place of safety, where he was tenderly nursed until he had fully recovered.

It is very probable that his friends, while he was sick, advised him to leave the city to the ruin it merited and to turn his face to kindlier places. But the Saint was firm in his refusal. His work was not fully accomplished in Sinope. The converts were not strong enough in their faith, or rather they had not yet measured the fullness of its glory, and until he was persuaded in his own conscience that this much had been gained he could not depart from it. So he returned, to the astonishment of the citizens, who looked upon him as a man who really had come back from the grave. He at once resumed his work, and the number of his converts multiplied very fast. His fame, too, spread rapidly through the surrounding country, and thousands flocked to hear the wonderful story of love, hope, joy and peace, and of these listeners very many believed.

When his work was about closing Andrew was gladdened by a visit from his brother Peter, who had touched at Sinope in the course of his own missionary wanderings, and we can easily imagine the welcome which passed between these two who had parted in that chamber at Jerusalem never expecting to meet again until they were gathered at the foot of the great throne. They took sweet counsel of each other, and eagerly compared notes of their different progress, and both gained renewed strength and courage and hope thereby. If they tarried for a time to think of the events which had passed from the days when they were fisher lads on the Sea of Gennesaret, until now,

when they were really fishers of men, what a wonderful succession of events would have arisen to their recollection, events too in which they were actors as well as spectators. Then how earnest and anxious would be their inquiries for the rest of the apostles, and how beautiful in all things would be their love for each other. They seemed to have remained together for some time in this sweet communion, but meanwhile zealously preached to the people. It appears almost certain that they converted the entire city, for, according to an ancient writer, they received many honours at the hands of the inhabitants. It would also seem that a tabernacle was erected specially for them, or else that one of the synagogues was turned over to their use. In this edifice, whatever it may have been, two large stone chairs, or rather pulpits, were placed for the brother apostles, and from these they addressed the people. These chairs were afterwards carefully preserved as almost sacred relics, and were pointed out for many centuries to visitors as the most valued possessions of the city.

The question might now be asked, why did the might of the Roman legions not crush the movement so zealously carried on by Andrew, and which, with Peter's assistance, culminated in this city in such a triumph? It is likely that the Roman governor did not care to interfere very actively after he saw that the evangelists did not attempt to say a word against the civil government, but preached of the Kingdom which was to come. Doubtless he sent full reports of the proceedings to Rome and asked for instructions, but the time taken in preparing such messages and receiving replies in those days was very considerable. The Roman forces in these foreign provinces were gen-

erally content so long as they held the allegiance of the people in a political sense, and that certainly taxed all their resources ; but with the domestic or moral affairs of any of the peoples, over whom they ruled as conquerors, they seem never to have interfered, and whatever was taught by them was the result of example rather than precept or command. Even our Lord might have been allowed to finish His course (had He so willed it) were it not for the claim that He was the long promised Messiah who was to deliver the Jews from their bondage. This claim and the guilty fears of the Roman rulers, their knowledge that patriotism was not entirely forgotten in Judea, as well as the distrust of His own people, who refused to believe in any deliverer who did not bring material force with him, were the circumstances which culminated in His death on the Cross, so far as earthly agencies were concerned. Thus it may be said that Christ's death ostensibly was the result of political causes, more than those connected with religion. That is to say, while the Jews desired His death from religious motives, the Romans permitted it for secular reasons.

But the time came when the two Saints parted—never again to meet. Their hearts must have been sad and lonely as they took their last farewell, and once more went on their several ways. But after the bitterness of the moment had passed, they undoubtedly felt sentiments of gladness and gratitude for the season they had spent together in such sweet and profitable communion. Their meeting was a delight upon which they had never calculated, and therefore its memories were all the more endearing

Andrew continued his journey along the shores of the Euxine for about two hundred miles further west, partly on foot and now and again getting a short passage in some trading vessel. Then leaving the Euxine he turned in a southerly direction until he reached Nicæa, the chief city of the Province of Bithynia and the seat of its government. There he tarried for a while and preached with signal success. He founded a strong working church which long continued to be a beacon light for the Faith throughout Bithynia. This city is further celebrated in the annals of early Christianity, for it was there that, in A.D. 325, a General Council of the Church was held to protest against the false doctrines which Arius and his followers attempted to introduce.

Having thus left his impress on Nicæa and established a zealous working church there, Saint Andrew continued his westward journey until he reached the Bosphorus. Crossing it at its narrowest part, he placed his foot for the first time on European soil, by landing at the city of Constantinople, or, as it was then called, Byzantium. There a most important work awaited him, and he tarried in it longer than he had yet done at any place since he had started out from Jerusalem.

Byzantium had been founded some 650 years before Christ, by a navigator named Byza, who appears to have been a sort of pirate, if it is possible for a man to be so described who lived in those days. He seems to have been at the head of a large force of followers drawn from various tribes. The place soon acquired considerable importance, for its position was a most valuable one in the hands of any people either for offence or defence. Besides as a

commercial centre it was incomparably situated, as it lay at the very gates of Asia, and its water front gave it easy communication with many wealthy provinces. Therefore the population steadily grew, and its influence in the surrounding territory waxed greater, generation after generation. As a place of commerce it had intimate communications with all the provinces which lay upon the Euxine, as well as in Mysia, Lydia, Caria, Macedonia, Moesia, and even as far as Illyricum, besides, of course, in the time of Andrew its dependence upon Rome gave it a field in Italy for its trade. Its people in the direction of all this commerce were known in many lands, and naturally the city became a centre of more or less individual interest over a wide extent of the Roman Empire.

This was the important field which Andrew had chosen for the centre of his ministry. We may be sure he lost no time in beginning his mission. Without doubt he there found as at other places a faithful few awaiting him, men who had profited by his teachings at Nicæa or at Sinope. With these as a nucleus he formed a congregation, and his preaching soon increased it. Still the opposition to the doctrines he enunciated was very determined, and the good man was often downcast and weary. The field was great, but considering its extent the harvest seemed scant. Yet he persevered, heedless of the taunts and sneers and schemes of his active opponents, and the coolness and indifference of the great bulk of the people. His struggles were at length so successful that his congregation was larger than any which he had yet formed. But even with this refreshing measure of accomplishment the Saint's task was not over. He knew that Byzantium was a centre

from which many other churches could spring, and he prepared to organize the Christians there so that they might in their turn furnish missionaries and preachers. This naturally placed on the apostle an additional vocation—that of a trainer of men—but doubtless the divine grace which had made the poor fisherman so effective a preacher did not fail him in this new branch of his work. His last act was to place the most earnest and devoted of all his converts, Staeleys, as ruler over the church at Byzantium, and Bishop of the congregations which might spring from it. Having done all this, he bade farewell to the city, where he had laboured for some six years, and started off again in search of other places which yet remained in darkness.

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CHAPTER VII.

IN EUROPE.

CONSIDERABLE variety of opinion exists among the early Christian writers as to the direction in which Saint Andrew travelled after leaving Byzantium. Several appear to think that he retraced his steps into Asia and journeyed over the ground which he had already traversed, but this is very unlikely. The churches he had left in Cappadocia, Pontus and Bithynia were strong enough, under divine grace, to take care of themselves, and most of them were in communication with some of the other disciples. His course led him therefore to travel northward, as seems to be more generally believed by those who have investigated the subject. After leaving the borders of Thracia he went into the eastern part of Moesia, as modern Roumania was then called, and preached at Odessus and Nicopolis. The people he found there were a hardy and intelligent race, with warlike ideas, but very loose notions regarding religion of any kind. They were, in fact, Pagans. But the beautiful simplicity of the new faith which the apostle taught was gladly received by them and many believed. The bulk of them, however, were too

much in love with their heathen ways to accept the peaceful message as a sufficient all in all to fill the requirements of their usual wild, stormy life.

Having formed churches in these places the Saint pressed onward, and crossed the border into Dacia, which is now known as Hungary. In this country he preached with his usual power, and the people who heard him were greatly stirred. Thousands flocked to listen to the message which he brought, and most of them were converted from their old heathen ways, to a knowledge of the true life which is in Jesus Christ. He formed many congregations, and was received with the reverential homage due to his high commission by all the leading men in the Province, with the exception, of course, of the Roman officials. They were something like the Jews, these early Hungarians, in their aspirations after liberty and their desire for a change from the despotism of the Roman soldiers. Andrew, preaching to them of the new and glorious kingdom instituted by Christ, and of the magnificent epoch in the future, when all the earth would join in singing His praises, touched a chord in their hearts which aroused the great latent enthusiasm which had lain so long dormant within them. His mission there was the most successful in number of converts of any which he had yet instituted. His fame spread from the one end of the Province to the other, and filled men's souls with a joy such as had hitherto been wanting. The shepherds in the valleys of the Carpathians, and on the green sides of the Danube and its tributaries, eagerly discussed the new gospel, and it was talked about by the hunters in Galicia as they loitered round their camp-fires at night. It penetrated into the cottages of the

people, and was received with wonderful avidity by them, for it required neither priests, nor images, nor tributes to sanctify it even in the lowliest places. Going westward through the Province, the Saint established a chain of congregations, and performed all the functions with which he had been endowed, healing the sick, casting out devils, baptising, and teaching the simple, but sufficient, code of morals which his Master had so thoroughly imparted to him and his brethren while He was with them. So deeply did the apostle leave his impress upon Hungary that centuries after, when the Roman power had crumbled into dust, and separate nationalities began to form themselves out of the old provinces, that of Hungary adopted Saint Andrew as its own particular guardian, or patron saint. A similar honour was paid to his memory by Bohemia, to which place, as well as to Moravia, he journeyed after completing his work in Dacia. In both of these places his labours were greatly blessed.

One might almost think that Saint Andrew would fain have ceased his wanderings about this time, and settled down to nourish the churches he had organized in this beautiful region. It is certain that either in Hungary or Bohemia such a decision would have been warmly welcomed by the people, and it is also certain that had it been so ordained he might have built up a grand united church there, which would have been a burning and shining light to the rest of the continent. The whole history of Moravia shows how earnest its people have been in the defence of whatever they judged to be the truth, and how much, and how willingly, they have suffered for conscience sake. Had the apostle spent the afternoon of his life there we

can fancy how great the result would have been. It is possible that he himself looked over the field with longing eyes, and experienced many pangs of regret when he felt that he must leave the fair work which he had built up, for new toils and dangers. He was now getting up in years, and in the greatness of the events through which he had passed, and the wonders he had been called upon to share, he had already lived several ordinary lives. He had well-earned a right to repose, if ever man did. But he was in the hands of a higher power than himself, One who can see into the future and disposes just for the best. The Saint's time for rest was not yet come. It was not, indeed, to come so long as he was here, for the Master's work was mighty and pressing, the field was large and the true labourers were as yet but few. So the Saint set out once more, carrying little with him beyond a cross, the emblem of that on which his Lord had died to expiate the sins of the world, and an emblem, too, of the means through which all people might be brought into the true fold of the Father, from out of which they long had strayed. In all the old portraits of Saint Andrew he is represented as carrying the cross, and in all pictures of the apostles he is distinguished by having in his hand the same emblem. The others had also some distinguishing token in the early paintings and statues, and the same tokens are seen in the figures of the saints which are produced even in the present day. Thus Saint Paul has a sword, Simon a saw, Matthew a battle-axe, Philip a staff, Peter a key, and so on. So it will be seen that our Saint was honoured by the ancient artists far above his brethren, for to his charge they gave the symbol of what is the very

central point of the whole Christian system—the sacrifice of Christ for us.

Leaving Bohemia, the apostle crossed the Oder, and stayed for a while in a part of Poland, but there his work was ill-requited. The inhabitants were slothful and cruel, and so terribly sunk in their own ignorance as to be only a little—in point of intelligence—above the level of the wild animals on whose flesh they chiefly fed. They lived in small communities, and were intensely jealous of each other. They seldom tarried long in any place, and had no thought beyond whatever was of immediate concern; and a religion whose grandest features were love and humility had no attraction for them. Still, if we review the later history of this wild land and its savage people, we can easily find many indications that the Saint's sojourn among them was not altogether fruitless. Its good lay hid in the ground for many years, but in its own time it raised itself above the surface.

A still wilder country, according to common report, lay to the eastward, and thither Saint Andrew resolved to go. Its inhabitants were the recognized barbarians of the time. They consisted of fierce, wild tribes, and engaged almost solely in hunting when not at war with their neighbours or among themselves. They had never been brought under the power of Rome, for the country was too sterile to support an invading army, the winters were terribly severe, and there were no large towns which might serve for the storage of supplies or the usual seats of government. Besides, the people were flitting about so much that no government could be established over them which they did not desire, and they certainly did not want to acknowledge

any. This, however, did not deter the Romans from attempting to bring the country within their control, and these attempts, although they generally ended in failures more or less pronounced, gave rise to a good deal of feeling on the part of the "barbarians." When, therefore, Saint Andrew appeared among them and told of the glories of heaven, of Him who had died to save them, and of the omnipotent power and manifold blessings of the Son of God, he was readily welcomed. The fact, too, that he was not appointed by Rome, but rather preached of a kingdom which was completely out of the pale of that hated nation, was also in his favour. Therefore he was listened to with attention, and brought thousands to a knowledge of the saving grace which is in the Lord. Many of them probably discarded their nomadic habits, as we find he formed them into churches; and even those tribes which did not fully accept his message, did his sacred cause good service. As they wandered away up into the interior of the country towards the frozen north, or went east to the steppes of Northern Asia, they spread a knowledge of the truth as they understood it. Saint Andrew spent probably six years in this part of Russia, and penetrated through its darkness as far east as the Borysthenes, or, as it is now called, the Dnieper River. Then, meeting with unexpected obstacles which the severe winter placed in his path, he followed the river as it flowed to its mouth in the Euxine. On the whole, though he encountered many hardships in Russia, the presence of the Saint in that country was greatly blessed, and the grand work which he began has gone on increasing in magnitude from his day even to **our own**. His memory is still revered throughout that vast empire

and its dependencies, and he has long been adopted as its great titular saint. In this respect Andrew has been much more honoured than any of the other apostles. Scotland, Russia, Hungary and Bohemia have all elevated him to the position of their patron saint, and between them all his praises have been sung in every quarter of the earth. His missionary labours have made him known to more nations than any of his brothers, and given to him a greater degree of popular fame, even although but little of the actual evidences of his labours and his presence now remain. But the same might be said with almost equal truth of missionaries in almost every age and in every country. For the doctrines they teach are immortal and enduring, and when the labourers go to other scenes, or pass upward to their reward, the truths they have spoken dwell in the hearts of the people long after they themselves have passed away and been utterly forgotten.

At Olbia, or some port near it, Andrew embarked on the Euxine and slowly journeyed along its western coast until he again landed at Constantinople. There he was heartily welcomed by the Christians, and, to his great joy, found that they had continued steadfast in the faith, and had largely increased in numbers. The people were prosperous in many ways, and had exerted a great influence upon the whole community. As this had become apparent, however, the foes of the new faith became all the more virulent in their opposition, and lost no opportunity of showing their hatred and contempt for the Christians. Even murder was often resorted to, and although at that time such a crime for the sake of religion was not openly endorsed by Rome, it was neither severely condemned nor punished.

But with the mighty example before them of Him who had borne many humiliations, and suffered bitterly for their sakes, these early Christians in Byzantium did not complain or falter, but left themselves unreservedly and trustingly in the hands of God. In His own good time their reward came.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOSING YEARS.

AFTER remaining at Byzantium for about a year, preaching, strengthening and counselling, Saint Andrew again set out to carry on his work. He passed westward through Thracia, finding wherever he sojourned a chosen few who had been brought into the new light through the church at Byzantium, and his visit to these places roused many doubting spirits and added greatly to those who believed. He particularly advised them to bear whatever persecutions they might be subjected to and whatever indignities might be heaped upon them in silence. To wait upon the sick, to comfort the sorrowing, to relieve the poor, to pray incessantly, and to hold fast firmly to the faith which had been implanted in them, through the grace of God and the loving kindness of His Son, were his supreme counsels. The troubles and slanders which might confront them were to be thought of simply as tests of their faith, remembering that so long as they continued steadfast they were under a higher protection than that of the whole Roman Empire. Whatever sufferings they might endure were permitted for some wise purpose, for

He, without whose sanction even a sparrow could not fall to the ground, continually watched over them, and ordained all events according to His own inscrutable decrees.

Thus strengthened and admonished, these struggling bands of Christians kept on in the sweet tenor of their ways, adding to their strength when they could, suffering the most cruel persecutions, and often sacrificing their lives and property for abiding by their faith, but showing an example of trusting devotion which even to the present day has not been totally forgotten in their beautiful and romantic country.

From Thracia, the Saint passed into Macedonia, and travelled through its wide extent. Then, about the year A. D. 50, he established as the central congregation of the province the church at Thessalonica, to which a year afterwards Paul sent one of his followers, Timotheus, to carry on the good work. To the same church, in A. D. 52 or 53, Paul wrote his epistles to the Thessalonians. Then going into Epirus, the adjacent province to the west, Saint Andrew found that his mission had become attended with greater difficulties, and was surrounded with more dangers, than he had ever experienced before. The steady increase of the Christian ranks all over the then known world had at last aroused the active animosity of the Roman authorities. The Emperor Claudian had ordered all the Jews to be expelled from Rome, for to him and his counsellors the adherents of the new faith were all Jews. With this example of the home authorities before them, the governors and other rulers in the provinces were not slow to act, and the Christians everywhere began to suffer more or less severely. Their treatment depended in a great measure on

the individual character of the rulers at this period, but very many of these magnates were crafty, cruel and bigoted. Their anxiety to show the home authorities their zeal, often impelled them to commit crimes in their dealings with their Christian subjects, the bare recital of which makes one shudder. In Epirus, Andrew found that his progress was everywhere thwarted and his life constantly in danger. The people were afraid to gather round him, and the few who listened to his words did so by stealth and in the night. Believing from all these signs that the province was not ready for him, and conscious that he had yet other places to visit ere his end should come, the Saint departed and went into Thessalia, where he tarried for a year, probably until the close of A. D. 56. At Scotussa, Melitaea, Proeria, and other places in its southern part, he organized small congregations, and from them faithful bands of missionaries soon set out, to spread the light along the sea-coast and among the mountainous regions of the north. The next two years, 57 and 58, were spent in Aetolia, a wild and hilly country, where he made many converts. He dwelt with pleasure for a considerable time among the fishermen on the coast and by the calm waters of the Lake Trichonis, many features of which brought back to mind his own loved Gennesaret, a memory which had now sunk far into the past, and which was hallowed by the ties of both childhood and religion.

Crossing the strait which terminates what is now known as the Gulf of Patras, Saint Andrew landed in the province of Achaia, which was to be the scene of his final labours. It was now the year 59, and he was almost on the border of attaining the allotted span of three score

years and ten. He was also wearied from the constant succession of struggles in which he had been engaged during all the years since the Master died. He had braved all dangers, all climates, all weathers, and had travelled over a greater extent of the earth's surface, carrying the symbol of Calvary, than any of the other apostles. He was ready, nay anxious, to go to his reward and rest, but he had yet a little more to do before entering upon that sweet communion, the anticipation of which had cheered his drooping spirits even in their darkest and gloomiest hours. For over a year he traversed through the entire province, and the people everywhere eagerly listened to his words. Many were brought out of the darkness in which they and their fathers had so long dwelt, and from Pellene in the east, to Dyme in the west, congregations, small in numbers, but zealous and faithful, were established in every community. Indeed, in no place more than this did the Saint find so many warmly attached adherents or more devoted friends. The veneration due to his advanced age doubtless compelled this, and at Patras, where he established his central church, his own disciples would willingly have died to shield him from any insult or torture.

But while he thus made many converts and kindled a fire, which was never afterwards quenched, the Saint was still more numerously surrounded by enemies. The Roman Pro-consul *Ægeas*, was a man of a contemptible and cowardly disposition, and viewed with intense dislike the evident authority which this Jewish preacher, for such he deemed him, exerted over so many people. He ridiculed the religion which the Saint taught, and scoffed at the idea of the divinity of its founder. In many ways the holy

man and his associates were made to feel the scorn and tyranny of this foolish man “dressed in a little brief authority.” But they kept on in the placid course which their faith had imposed on them, leaving a Higher power to deal with the iniquitous and the scoffer. This principle of forbearance maddened the Pro-consul and his advisers, and, as the friends of the Saint daily increased in number, they resolved upon his death. A decree was issued calling upon all the people of Patras to join in offering up sacrifices to the heathen deities whom these Greeks, as well as the Romans themselves, had so long worshipped. This, as Ægeas expected, the Saint refused to do; this refusal was interpreted as being equivalent to treason, and he was seized by the soldiers and thrust into prison. A mockery of a trial followed, which resulted in his being condemned to die. Doubtless his people would have actively interfered to save him, but the good man knew now that his hour was at hand, and ordered them to keep still. The sentence was executed with all the savage cruelty so characteristic of the times and the heathen influences which inspired those who reigned in the places of power. The old and feeble Saint was brought out of his dungeon and publicly scourged. Seven men, we are told, in turn inflicted the lash with their utmost strength on the shoulders of the bleeding victim. Then faint and dying he was crucified. Even this terrible mode of death was made to last as long as possible. Instead of being nailed to the usual upright cross, a frame was constructed of two pieces of wood, which crossed each other in the centre—thus X, and on this the apostle was tied with thin cords. The result was that he endured the most intense agony, but in

the midst of it all continued praying to his Master for pity and relief, and imploring Him to take him forever home to His own bosom. Even in the depth of his misery he was true to the purpose for which he had been chosen, and when he saw any of his followers approach his cross he exhorted them to remain faithful in the new dispensation he had preached, to practice in all things the doctrines and principles which he had taught them, and to spread abroad in all directions the glad tidings of great salvation, and a knowledge of the ransom which had been paid for guilty man by the blood of the Saviour. Even to the soldiers and others who crowded round him and laughed at his agonies, he spoke at times of the goodness of God, and warned them all of the necessity of repentance. Slowly but surely his hour was now coming, and his agonies increased with tenfold force. As his hour of departure drew nigh, he again prayed earnestly, pleadingly, to Christ to intercede for him at the throne and relieve him of his misery. Then, after two long days of this suffering had passed, his prayer was heard, and with a few words of blessing to those whose blanched and pitying countenances showed how much they loved him, he closed his eyes forever on earth, and passed upward to the reward which had been laid up in store for him during all the years since he left Gennesaret.

“ Servant of God, well done !

Rest from thy loved employ ;

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter thy Master’s joy.

The pains of death are past,

Labour and sorrow cease,

And life’s long warfare closed at last,

His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ well done !
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

The death of the Saint is believed to have taken place on November 30th, A. D. 60. As soon as it was definitely ascertained that life was extinct the Roman Pro-consul allowed the followers of the Saint to take possession of the body. By the desire of a lady of wealth and high position, named Maximillia (some assert that she was the wife of Ægeas), the remains were embalmed and honourably interred near to where the Christians had their meeting place. This spot is now covered by a large cathedral, and in it is yet to be seen a plain wooden tomb, which local tradition states still holds the dust of the sainted missionary. Concerning the real disposition of the Saint's body, however, great diversity of opinion exists, and the claims of the Patras cathedral do not gain much when any investigation is made into their merits.

The late Principal Tulloch visited Patras several years ago, and thus recorded the thoughts on these doubtful points which arose in his mind whilst wandering about its streets:—"Late at night we anchored off Patras, and I started early next morning to visit this rising commercial town, the centre of the great currant trade of Greece. My thoughts, however, were not running upon currants, but on the old associations of the place with Saint Andrew. Here, according to tradition, the apostle was crucified, and the strange mournful emblem of his cross, so familiar to all Scotsmen, carries us back to the dim days when he is supposed to have laboured and suffered at this spot. Shall we ever be able to clear up the dimness of those early

times, and solve their strange contradictions? I fear not. The sharpest steel of criticism returns blunted when it touches them. Did Saint Andrew ever live, and labour, and suffer, at Patras at all? Are his bones still lying there, as the stranger is assured, in the plain wooden coffer in the white cathedral church near the shore by the holy well which bears his name? All the devout of Patras profoundly believe this, and flock thither on the anniversary of the Saint, lighting up the sacred shrine with their tapers as they invoke his guardian care. Or were the apostolic remains transported to Amalfi, as good Catholics of the south of Italy believe, while they point with confidence to the noble church which there rises above their supposed resting-place? Or did St. Rule carry them off to St. Andrews, and build a shrine for them there, and rear a national Christianity on the devout hypothesis? Who can tell? Who can unriddle the contradictions of an age which cared nothing for contradictions, whose faith fed upon the very puzzles which whet our logic and revolt our historical sense? And yet there is a charm in these old legends. Hopeless as they are for the historian, they are beautiful to the imagination, and we would not willingly part with them. They light up the darkness of the past with an ideal if not a practical interest. I felt that morning at Patras as if Saint Andrew were a more living character than I had before realized him to be."

It seems most likely that the story is true which tells us that the body of the apostle lay where it was first buried until the earlier part of the fourth century. Then it was removed by the Emperor Constantine to Byzantium, or Constantinople, and there re-interred with great ceremony

in a cathedral which he had built in honour of the twelve apostles. Several other places, such as Amalfi in Italy, have been mentioned as having been honoured by possessing the embalmed body of the Saint, but their claims to this distinction seem to have no foundation.

“ For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry;
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

They all in life and death
With him their Lord in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breast,
To suffer and to do.

For this thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.”

CHAPTER IX.

SAINT ANDREW AND SCOTLAND.

THE particular event, or series of events, which resulted in the adoption by Scotland of Saint Andrew as its patron saint is unknown. The many legends which are connected with his name have undoubtedly some relation to truth, but how to discover the facts amongst all the fictions which imagination and superstition have associated with them is very difficult.

It seems that in the year 369 a pious Greek Christian, named Regulus, the descendant of one of those Patras converts who felt the influence of the apostle's teaching and witnessed his death, set out for Britain on a missionary expedition. He had obtained a few relics of Saint Andrew from his tomb at Constantinople, and proposed placing them in some church which he intended to erect in the far off land to which he was sent. Probably he had contemplated beginning his labours in the northerly part of England, and from there penetrating into the Caledonian wilds, which were then known to exist, but of whose people almost nothing was known except that they were fierce and warlike. While sailing, however, along the coast a

dreadful storm arose, which caused them to lose their reckoning, and they drifted whithersoever the waves seemed to will. They were finally cast ashore, providentially, on the coast of Fife, and Regulus determined to erect his tabernacle on the spot where they had landed. There the relics of the Saint were again interred, and over them was erected a rude chapel.* Then Regulus and the monks who accompanied him began preaching, and some of them went forth as missionaries and spread the fame of the holy settlement throughout the country. Soon the place became thronged with inquirers and converts, and around the building were erected many huts. This was the beginning of the famous city of St. Andrews, which has played such an important part in the history of Scot-

* The Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, of St. Andrews, better known perhaps as the author of "Recreations of a Country Parson," thus tells the story of Regulus in his lecture on "Early Christian Scotland":—"In 710 A.D., Nectan, King of the Picts, placed his kingdom under the care of Saint Peter. But the day was to come when the Patron Saint of Scotland should be, as ever since, Saint Andrew, first called of the apostles, and brother of the more illustrious one on whom, as a Rock, Christ would build His Church. Each brother was crucified, but neither quite as was his Master. The legend is that it was at Patras, in Achaia, that Saint Andrew gained the martyr's crown. Saint Regulus, a monk of Constantinople, and perhaps Bishop of Patras, three hundred and eighty years after Saint Andrew's death, carried away his bones, or part of them. He sailed away, voyaging among the Greek Islands for a year and a half, and wherever he landed erecting an oratory in honor of Saint Andrew. Finally, after a stormy voyage toward the north, on the eve of Saint Michael's Day he was wrecked on the Pictish shore, at a place then called *Muckross, the Promontory of the Wild Boar*. Here he erected a cross which he had brought from Patras. King Hungus, or Angus, or perhaps his queen, gave the ground to God and Saint Andrew, His apostle, 'with waters, meadows, fields, pastures, moors, and woods, as a free gift for ever.' In the presence of the Pictish nobles King Hungus offered a turf on the altar of Saint Andrew in token of the gift. And the spot, having borne in succession the names of Mucross, Kilrymont, Kilrule, finally received that by which it is well-known in the history of Church and nation. It became St. Andrews."

land, and which yet remains beautiful, even though the fairest and most celebrated of its ancient structures are represented only by their ruins.

“ Gray city, like some fortalice of yore,
Set on rock-ramparts, against which the sea
Hurls up its stormy spears perpetually,
And sweeps them backward, shattered, foiled and hoar,
Beneath thy feet the eastward tides still roar,
And still thy warrior beauty rises free
Above the shocks of thwarted foam, the glee
Of winds that laugh across the ocean-floor.
Dearer than woods where the wind-flower blows pale,
Or meadows deepening into perfect June,
Are thy bleak streets that hold the past in fee,
Worn shafts and crumbling archway. . . .”

The mission of Regulus among the Picts was so successful as to win the great majority of that now lost people over to the cross, and the place where the relics of Saint Andrew were laid became to them the most hallowed spot in the land. One of the missionary monks converted the Pictish king, and brought him to the settlement, that he might hear the truth spoken with greater power from the lips of Regulus himself. So impressed was he with the words of the missionary that he built a new and costly church on the site of the structure first erected, and endowed it with a large gift of land. It is also said that he gave one of his palaces to Regulus for the purpose of being used as a monastery, a statement, however, which is open to very serious doubt, as palaces were not particularly common to Scotland at that time. As the wealth and number of the monks increased so did their zeal and vigilance in the cause, and the cells of the holy men of St. Andrews were to be found in time all over the country, from the Grampians westward to Arran and southward to

Galloway. They also penetrated the northeastern coast, along by Angus and the Mearns, but, so far as can be learned, the wild fastnesses of the Highlands were untravelled by them.

The hold which the memory of Saint Andrew thus gained upon Scotland was never lost, even although dynasties came and went, though the Picts themselves vanished from the face of the earth as if by magic, and the forms of the national religion underwent repeated changes. In the eighth century a king of the Scots—Achaïas—was at war with England, as was quite customary and natural then, and for a long time afterwards. One night the Scotch and English forces lay encamped in sight of each other, resting quietly to prepare themselves for the great battle which was certain to take place on the morrow. The English, who were under the very able leadership of King Athelstan, were better armed than the Scots, and had been drawn up on a most advantageous position. Besides, they were three times more numerous. The prospect looked bleak indeed for King Achaïas and his fortunes, and he appears to have spent the night wandering about his camp and wondering how he could avert the almost certain defeat which awaited him. It should be mentioned that the priests who accompanied his army carried with them a representation of the cross on which Saint Andrew had been crucified, and that emblem, wherever it was erected, became the central place of worship for the troops. Just as daylight was about to dawn, the king was startled by observing in the heavens, hanging right over his camp, a large white cross, after the manner of that of Saint Andrew. Its whiteness was rendered all the more beautiful

and clear by the azure blue of the early morning sky which surrounded it. Accepting this as a favourable token from the unseen world, and believing it to be a sign that the special protection of Saint Andrew had been thrown around him, Achaias aroused his troops in haste. He then attacked his enemy with such courage and vigor that they soon threw down their arms and fled across the Border in the wild confusion of defeat. From this time the cross of Saint Andrew, on a blue ground, was adopted as the flag of Scotland, and has since so remained.

In memory of this victory, and as an acknowledgement of the part which Saint Andrew played in it, Achaias established a kind of order of knighthood, from which was evolved, in after years, the coveted Order of the Thistle. In its present form this order was projected about 1540, by King James V., but before all the arrangements connected with it were carried out, the disastrous rout at Solway Moss had taken place, and he died of a broken heart. The scheme was revived by King James VII. (II. of England), who in 1687 created eight knights. The order then remained dormant until it was revived by Queen Anne in 1703, and it now ranks as one of the highest orders of knighthood in the world. Its knights are limited to sixteen, all of whom are peers of Scotland or peers connected with Scotland. At present the knights composing the order are the Dukes of Argyll, Athole, Buccleuch, Hamilton, and Montrose, the Marquesses of Lorne, Bute, and Lothian, the Earls of Mansfield, Stair, Southesk, Minto, Fife, and Dalhousie, Lord Napier and Ettrick, and Lord Colville of Culross. The sovereign is the head of the order and the royal princes are all extra knights. The

insignia of the order consists of the *star* of silver inscribed with the motto “*Nemo me impune lacessit* ;” the *jewel* or figure of Saint Andrew, suspended from a green ribbon, and the *collar*, which is of gold.

The city of St. Andrews was made the capital of Scotland by Kenneth II., King of the Scots, after he had vanquished the Picts. He also repaired the old church of Regulus, where the relics of Saint Andrew were preserved, made its bishop the primate of the kingdom, and added to its wealth. The Abbey of St. Andrews was commenced about 1158 and finished about 1318, having occupied 160 years in its construction. “It exhibited,” says an anonymous writer, “three different styles of architecture in succession—the ‘latest Norman,’ the ‘early English,’ and the ‘Decorated.’ The cathedral, commenced some four years after the abbey, was destroyed in 1559 by the impassioned zeal of a mob ; for here, in the very centre of the Papal jurisdiction, John Knox first opened his lips as a preacher of the Reformed faith in Scotland. Here, too, it was that Patrick Hamilton suffered martyrdom, 28th February, 1528, and John Wishart on 1st March, 1546. It appears, however, that these were not the first who became martyrs in Scotland on account of their religious opinions. It is said that James Resby, an Englishman and disciple of Wycliffe, was burned in 1422, and Paul Craco, from Bohemia, a follower of Huss, underwent the same cruel death at St. Andrews ten years later.”

But a higher honour awaited the memory of Saint Andrew than being the centre of an order of knighthood, or of furnishing the Scots with a national figurehead. This was the establishment, in 1411, of the St. Andrews Uni-

versity by Henry Wardlaw, the then bishop of the diocese.* The College of St. Salvator was instituted within the University in 1455 by James Kennedy of Dunure, Wardlaw's successor in the see, and the grandson of Robert III. St. Leonard's College was added in 1512 by John Hepburn,

* "The fifteenth century witnessed a wonderful revival of learning throughout Europe, and the Church promoted its diffusion by means of universities. The universities of Europe, established under Papal sanction, formed a vast brotherhood open alike to rich and poor; and the scholar who had acquired a certain grade in one was thereby made free of all. To Henry Wardlaw, Bishop of St. Andrews, who had himself studied at Oxford, belongs the honourable distinction of having founded the first university for Scotland, and his episcopal city was chosen for its seat, as being in several ways admirably adapted for that purpose. The foundation charter was granted by the bishop in 1411, and this was confirmed in 1413 by Pope Benedict XIII. The Papal bull was received in St. Andrews with the most exuberant demonstrations of joy. The 'Studium Generale,' as a university was then called, was instituted on the model of the University of Paris, for the study of theology, canon and civil law, medicine, and 'other lawful faculties,' and the power of conferring degrees. It was to be governed by a rector, subject to an appeal to the bishop and his successors, who were to be its chancellors. The students, as at Paris, were divided into 'nations,' who, through their procurators, elected the Rector; and they were lodged, as at present, throughout the city. The professors were parochial clergymen exempted from residence in their parishes; and their benefices constituted their whole income, there being neither fees nor endowments. Their work was at first carried on in rooms in different parts of the city, there being no central buildings yet provided for the university. In 1430 a Pædagogium was erected for the Faculty of Arts. The university soon acquired celebrity, and the number of its students rapidly increased. It was greatly encouraged by King James I., who countenanced by his presence the disputations of the students, and invited to it distinguished professors from the Continent. Separate colleges were afterwards founded—St. Salvator's in 1450, by Bishop Kennedy; St. Leonard's in 1512, by Archbishop Alexander Stewart and Prior Hepburn; and St. Mary's in 1537, on the site of the Pædagogium, by Archbishop James Beaton. These colleges being well endowed, the masters and students were maintained within their walls. The result, however, of this more exclusive system was a falling off in the number of students."—*From a lecture on "Mediæval Scotland," by Rev. James Campbell, D.D., Minister of Balmerino.*

Prior of St. Andrews, and brother to Patrick, first Earl of Bothwell. St. Mary's College followed in 1537, due to James Beaton, sixth Archbishop of St. Andrews, and sixth son of James Beaton of Balfour. The seals of the University of St. Andrews, though not purely heraldic, are interesting compositions. The old seal is described by the late Mr. Henry Laing in his "Descriptive Catalogue of Impressions from Ancient Scottish Seals":—"A fine large seal. Under a triple canopy is represented the preceptor sitting at his desk on the dexter side of the seal, giving instruction to seven scholars seated at a table on the sinister side; in the centre of the foreground is the illuminator sitting with the lantern or candle. Occupying the centre of the seal is Saint Andrew on his cross; the background is ornamented with foliage. Above the canopies are three shields, the centre one supported by two females and bearing, per fess, in the upper part a crescent reversed; the dexter charged with Scotland; and the sinister, on a fess between three mascles, three crosslets, being the arms of Bishop Henry Wardlaw. Legend, "*Sigillum Universitatis Doctorum Magistiorum et Sclarium Sancti Andree.*" The arms shown on the shield in the centre are evidently those of Pope Benedict XIII., Pedro de Luna.

The modern seal of the University shows Saint Andrew extended on a saltire. Over all on the limbs of the saltire are four escutcheons, their bases conjoined, viz., 1, Azure, on a fess argent, between three mascles or, as many cross-crosslets fitchee gules (Wardlaw); 2, Argent, a chevron gules between three cross-crosslets fitchee sable, all with the double tressure of Scotland (Kennedy); 3, Gules, on a chevron argent a rose between two lions rampant confronte

(or, as Nisbet says, "two lions pulling at a rose") of the field (Hepburn); 4, Quarterly, 1 and 4, Azure, a fess between three mascles or; 2 and 3, Argent, on a chevron sable an otter's head erased of the field (Beaton of Balfour). All within the legend, "Sigill. Universit. Sancti Andree."

St. Andrews University is the true successor of the mission founded by Regulus, and for a long time its teaching was simply theological. This is still the only department of study at the college of St. Mary, although at St. Salvator and St. Leonard medicine and arts now form part of the curriculum. As the oldest of all the Scottish Universities it holds a place of peculiar honour among the educational institutions of the country, although in influence and usefulness it has hardly kept fully abreast of the times during recent years. But great things are hoped from it in the near future.

Saint Andrew's figure has often been impressed on the coinage of Scotland, and the name was usually applied to the gold coins in early times, before King James III. introduced the unicorn supporting the shield. The *Saint Andrew* of Robert II. weighed about 38 grains, that of Robert III. 60 grains, and that of James II. 48 grains. In the reign of the last named monarch the Scottish Parliament directed that a new penny of gold be struck, to be known as the Lion, "with the figure of a lion on the one side and on the reverse the figure of Saint Andrew clothed in a side-coat reaching to his feet." The figure or cross of Saint Andrew has often appeared on copper coins, and at the time when "tokens" were in common use in the towns, no device was more popular than that of the good old Saint or the cross on which he delivered up his life.

The influence of Saint Andrew on Scotland has been felt also in many other ways. He represents the patriotism of the country at home, and serves as a bond of union abroad. Wherever a few Scots can be gathered together we generally discover them organized under the name of a "Saint Andrew's Society," and of these associations, national sentiment and charity are the usual features. All over North America we find these societies existing, and wherever we find them we may be sure that they have a fund of greater or less extent, according to their means, with which to help unfortunate Scots who may happen to pass their way. In many cases, such as those of New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Montreal, etc., these societies have accumulated much wealth, and the amount of good work they do, year after year, is most remarkable.

The Scots Charitable Society of Boston, which is a Saint Andrew's Society in everything except the name, and celebrates the 30th of November as loyally and enthusiastically as any of them, was organized on January 6th, 1657, only twenty years after the founding of the city itself.* On

* In his address at the two hundredth anniversary festival held on St. Andrew's Day, 1857, the then president of the society, Dr. Coale, said, in reference to this early establishment of the society:—"In 1652, five years before the ship *John and Sara* arrived, bringing two hundred and seventy-two Scotsmen, who had been taken prisoners at the disastrous battle of Dunbar, where four thousand fell and one thousand became prisoners of war to Cromwell. As the shortest way of disposing of these, they were shipped off to the colonies, there to be sold to service for a longer or shorter time as the case might be. This explains fully why the charitable provident Scotsmen, loving their countrymen as only Scotsmen can love them, should have felt it prudent to establish—only five years after the influx of so many of them into a still small colony—a society for the relief of those suffering poverty. This surely speaks well of the kindness of their hearts and of the judgment of their heads."

that day, according to the old records, a “meating” was held, at which “we whose names are under written, being all or for the most part present, did agree and conclude, for the releefe of our selves and any other for the which we may see cause, to make a box, and every one of us to give as God shall move our hearts whose blessing and direction we do from our hearts desyre to have from him (who is able to do abundantly above all that we are able to ask or think) both in the beginning and managing of that which we do intend, and therefore, that we may express our intention and become our owne interpreters (leaving those that shall come after us to doe better than we have begun) hoping that by the assistance of the great God who can bring small beginnings to greater perfection than we for the present can think of or expect, and lykewise wee hope that God who hath the harts of all men in his hands and can turne them which way soever he pleaseth will double our spirit upon them, and make them more zealous for his glory and the mutuall good one of another, and therefore knowing our own weakness to express our selves in this particular we leave our selves and it both to God and to the word of his grace and doe desyre to declare our intentions about which we have agreed, that is to say, that we whose names are inserted in this booke doe and will by God’s assistance give as God will move us and as our ability will bear at our first entering, but it is agreed that none give less at their first entering than twelve pence and then quarterly to pay sixpence, and that this our benevolence is for the releefe of our selves being Scottishmen or for any of the Scottish nation whom wee may cause to help, it is agreed that there shall nothing be taken out of

the box for the first seven years for the releefe of any."

The fund in the box accumulated slowly. In 1661 it amounted to £7 11s. 10d. In 1663 it had risen to £8 15s. 6d., and in 1667 to £10. In 1684 a new preamble was drawn up, which placed the society on a better basis for promoting its charitable work :—" The Eternall Lord and great Lawgiver to his people hath commanded by his word a collection for the necessities one of one another for the releiving of them who are under wants and poverty, workes of this kind being of the fruits of faith and holiness, which hath been the practise of the saints in all ages in their several societies, and also of our countriemen at home and abroad in maney parts of the world to God's glorie, the releefe of our countriemen in their povertie and the credit of the actors therein. * * * * *

Therefore throw the providence of God being willing to meet together to consider of this matter, wee are this day convinced being Scottsmen and the sons of Scottsmen, Inhabitants of Bostone and in the Colony thereof with severall strangers of our countriemen being most willing to renew the former good example, and to give what the Lord shall enable and move us for this good work, that the poor strangers and families and children of our natione, when under this dispensatione may be the more ordourly and better releived."

The rules for the safe-keeping of the funds were admirable, and the "box-keepers" were to be selected on two qualifications—first, they must be honest men ; and secondly, residents of "Bostone ;" both very essential requirements. It was also expressly stipulated that no man was to "get any benefit of the said charity out of the box bot

such as contribut theirto, excepting Strangers of our nation that is cast in by shipwrack or otherwayes." Thus these kindly Scots were as much opposed to local loafers, or rounders, or professional beggars as their descendants are at the present day, and, in addition to denying any of their charity to such unworthy persons, they also decided to refuse assistance to any "prophane or disselute person." An old Scotch custom was adopted in 1688, when it was "agreed upon by the Company that with all expedition there be a morcloath provided for the good of the company out of the stock and that it be free for those concerned."

The following extracts show the manner in which the charity of the society was dispensed :—

"Voted that John Askine be allowed fourty shillings in order to transport himself down to Rousick or where he formerly lived, provided he goes off."

"Cash paid Captain Watt for cloes for James Forbes, that came from Virginia afoot, for his passage to London, he was formerly a servant to the Earl of Marr £2"

"Paid James Forbes more in cash to goe off in the Quaker's Ship £1 10s."

"Voted Charles Gordon if he goes home, and if he do not go home the petition to be void £3 7s."

"There is voted to John Skirling—the poor man being dead and gone—£1."

"To Widow Wood in consideration of her kindness to a poor Scotch orphan girl 10s."

"To John Johnston, a poor man for linen for two shirts 14s."

The preamble was again re-written and the rules revised in 1770, and from that time until now, with the possible exception of a few years during the Revolution, the society never ceased to carry on its noble mission. In 1841 a fine plot was purchased in Mount Auburn Cemetery, where poor Scots might be committed to the dust in a respectable manner. The lot, with its accompanying expenses of railing, grading, and the like, cost about \$2,300. Another useful work was begun in 1869 when a house on Concord street was rented and fitted up as a home "for the purpose of giving shelter to our needy countrymen who may be either in distress or perplexity ; where they may remain for a short time before proceeding on their journey, or obtaining situations." In 1872 the house No. 77 Camden street was purchased, and has since been used for the kindly purposes of the home. The assets of the society are valued at about \$29,000.

The Saint Andrew's Society of Philadelphia was organized in December, 1749, by twenty-five Scottish residents. For some reason or other these kindly men were a little afraid lest the purposes of their association should be misunderstood by their fellow-citizens, and they issued a long advertisement setting forth the objects which led to the formation of the society. It read, in part, as follows :—
" The peculiar benevolence of mind which shews itself by charitable actions in giving relief to the poor and distressed, has always been justly esteemed one of the first-rate moral virtues. Any persons then, who form themselves into a society with this intention must certainly meet with the approbation of every candid and generous

mind, and we hope that it will plainly appear by the rules which are to follow, that the Saint Andrew's Society of Philadelphia was solely instituted with that view. But as the charities of this society are to be somewhat confined, it may not be amiss, briefly, to mention the reasons by way of apology for it. The design of society in general is undoubtedly universal good; yet, as it is impossible that all mankind can be joined in one society, bodies of men have separated themselves into distinct societies, which are called nations. Now all the public acts of these national societies are, or ought to be, calculated principally to promote the particular happiness and welfare of the nation where they are made. In nations again, for a reason of the very same kind, men form themselves into corporations and other societies for promoting some particular good which either had not or could not be so well provided for by the public acts of the community. On this account we are humbly of opinion that it will never be reckoned a good objection against any private society that the ends proposed by it are not general, but confined to particulars under certain circumstances, provided always that nothing can be aimed at by any such private society which is inconsistent with the public good. Now, to apply this to the present purpose, we, who are natives of that part of Great Britain called Scotland, and reside in the city of Philadelphia, meeting frequently with our country people here in distress, who generally make application to some one or other of us for relief, have agreed to form ourselves into a society in order to provide for these indigents, whereby they may be more easily, more regularly, and more bountifully supplied than could well be done in the troublesom

way of making occasional collections for such purposes.

* * * * * Thus it appears that the design of this society is fair, equitable and just, and to convince the world that it is so, we thought it proper to take this method of making public our rules."

Having thus defined their position, these philosophic Scots compiled their by-laws and commenced their work. The first application for relief came from an unfortunate countryman named Alexander Ross. According to his story he was a native of Galloway, and a surgeon by profession. He had been captured by the French and Spaniards five or six times and escaped to this country from some Spanish prison. His reception here was not the most hospitable, as it seems, when he made his application for relief, he was confined as a debtor in the Philadelphia prison. His prayer was attended to, and forty shillings were awarded him. In 1750 the society paid £5 9s. for a "strong box" to hold books, money, and other possessions. The box is still in existence, and is a good, substantial, serviceable article. It is deposited in the Fidelity Trust Company's vaults with the old records of the society. In the same year a curious case came up for consideration which may be related here, as it illustrates the glorious uncertainty of the law which prevailed in those good old times just as much as it does in the present day.

In 1733 Janet Cleland was induced to leave Scotland and take up her residence with her uncle, John Gibbs, of Maryland. That individual had pressed her to cross the Atlantic, and promised to make her his heiress, besides agreeing to support her in good style during his lifetime. Relying on these promises, Janet, before she left, like a good,

kind-hearted girl, made over to another uncle, a brother of the one in Maryland, a small patrimony which she had in her native land. After her arrival here Janet continued to reside with her uncle, and acted as his housekeeper, until he died. The old gentleman appears to have been a peculiar sort of character, one of those personages who, for want of a more fitting name, would now-a-days be styled a "crank." He had a terrible temper, and sometimes it so far overcame him that his niece had to leave his house for a few days until its violence subsided. Then, when it had cooled off, she used to return, to his great delight, for he invariably expressed his regret at the cruel treatment and harsh words which had compelled her to seek refuge away from his home. To most of his friends and close acquaintances he often acknowledged his intention of leaving Janet all his possessions, and at one time, in presence of his attending physician, he made a formal will in which he bequeathed everything to her. Finally, in 1747, he died of an ulcer in his head, which, according to the testimony of the medical man who attended him, deprived him of his reason for quite a while before the end. While in this condition the negro slaves, in the absence of the doctor and nurse, used to give him large quantities of rum. By some means or other they prevailed upon him to sign another will. In it he cut Janet and all his relatives off without a cent, made his negroes free, and divided his property among them, with the exception of his plate, which went to comparative strangers, along with a few other legacies. Thus Janet was left penniless, and applied at length to the society for assistance. The last made will appears to have been offered for probate, and

she began a lawsuit to have it set aside. The society, considering her sad case, gave her a donation of £7, and recommended the members to give her all the assistance they could. It appears, however, that Janet lost her suit, and the last will made by her uncle was allowed to stand.

During the revolutionary period the society probably did little more than maintain its existence, owing, as was reported on one occasion, to "a number of members being out of town, or more particularly on account of the convulsed and unsettled state of the times." The minute-book covering the interesting period between 1776 and 1786 has been lost, if it ever was in existence, which may be regarded as doubtful. The subsequent history of the society is a prosperous one, and may be summarized in the old words "daein' guid an' gatherin' gear." According to the last printed report its invested funds are valued at about \$22,000, and during the twelve months ending with September, 1885, it expended on charity \$1,025.35. On its long roll of members we find the names of two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—James Wilson, a graduate of St. Andrew's University, and latterly a judge of the U. S. Supreme Court ; and John Witherspoon, D.D., a native of Paisley, and president of Princeton College. The members took an active part in the erection of the monument to this great clerical statesman which now graces Fairmount Park. The roll also contains the names of two Governors of the State—Hon. James Hamilton (president of the society for several terms), and Hon. Thomas McKean ; and three Mayors of the city, Peter McCall, Morton McMichael, and the present incumbent, William B. Smith. The roll is also graced with the names of several of the

Revolutionary heroes, chief of which is that of General Hugh Mercer. This able man was a native of Aberdeen, and served as a surgeon during the Rebellion of 1745 in the army of Prince Charles Edward Stuart. When that unfortunate campaign was over he came to this country. During the Revolutionary struggle he greatly distinguished himself until his death in 1777, from a wound he received near Trenton, N. J., whilst leading an attacking party to Princeton. His remains were interred in Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, and there a fine monument has since been erected to his memory. The society took the most active part in carrying on the movement for this memorial, and when it was dedicated it occupied a place of honor during the ceremonies. The sword of the hero is still in possession of the society, and is rightly regarded as a most precious relic.

The Saint Andrew's Society of the State of New York was founded in 1756. The intention of the promoters was simply to form a charitable organization, and that feature has really continued to be the prevailing one ever since. These kindly Scots, however, did not forget that under Saint Andrew's banner patriotism, as well as charity, could work together, and their constitution provided that a dinner should take place on the 30th of November in each year. Since then these meetings have been held regularly, except during the War of the Revolution.

Among the members enrolled in 1757 we find the name of Colonel Simon Fraser, eldest son of Lord Lovat, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, London, in 1747. When that Rebellion broke out he was a student at the University of

St. Andrew's, but was withdrawn by his cunning old father to be placed at the head of the clan. He surrendered himself to the Government in 1746; but as he had never shown any sympathy for the cause of the Stuarts, and was known to have been influenced solely by affection for his father, he was released in the course of the following year. Refusing military rank in the French service, he raised, in 1757, two battalions of 1,800 men, in command of which he proceeded to New York, and on his arrival he joined the Saint Andrew's Society. He served with great distinction at Louisburg and Quebec, and afterwards in the war of the Revolution. In 1774 the family estates were restored to him, but the attainder was not removed until 1854, when the old title of Lord Fraser of Lovat was again placed on the roll of the Scottish peerage.

In 1757 we also find enrolled the name of Captain Archibald Kennedy. This gentleman, son of Archibald Kennedy, Collector of Customs in New York, was an officer in the Royal Navy, and in 1792 became eleventh earl of Cassilis. His second wife, progenetrix of the present Marquis of Ailsa, was a daughter of John Watts, one of the founders of the society, and its president in 1771. The titular Earl of Stirling filled that office from 1761 till 1763. John, fourth Earl of Dunmore, was appointed Governor of New York in 1769, and was elected president in 1770. His term of office was, however, very short, for in the same year he proceeded to assume the government of Virginia. In 1773 he was succeeded by Lord Drummond, son of the claimant to the attainted earldom of Perth, who came to this country as an officer in the army. A few years later he was taken prisoner by the Americans, but was released

by Washington, and permitted to return to New York. His failing health obliged him to proceed to Bermuda, where he died, unmarried, in 1781.

Besides these titled personages the society has had many members to whom it can point with pride. Some of them, such as the *Coldens, †Hamiltons, and ‡Livingstons, have left their mark upon the early history of the country, and in the long roll of membership may be found the names of the most prominent Scottish merchants and professional men who have resided in this city from the inception of the society until the present time. Even the names of the presidents from 1756 until now (with the exception of 1775 to 1783, when probably no elections took place on account of the war) afford sufficient evidence of the high stand-

*Cadwallader Colden was born in Scotland in 1698. He came to this country in 1708, and settled in Philadelphia, where he practiced as a physician with great success. In 1718 he came to New York, and was the first Surveyor-General of the Colony. In 1761 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor, and held that office until his death in 1776. As the governors were often changed, Colden was the real ruler of the Colony for fifteen years. He was eminent as a botanist, corresponded regularly with Linnaeus, and wrote several works, the most valuable of which is a "History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada."

†The same family to which Alexander Hamilton, the "Statesman of the Revolution," belonged.

‡The Livingston family of New York are lineally descended from the fifth Lord Livingston. Their immediate progenitor was the grandson of that nobleman, the Rev. John Livingston, minister of Ancrum. He was one of two commissioners sent by the Scotch Kirk to Breda, in Holland, to treat with Charles II. As he refused to take the oath of allegiance at the Restoration, John Livingston returned to Rotterdam, where he spent his last years as pastor of the Scottish kirk. His son, Robert, was born at Ancrum in 1654, and came to this country at an early age. He settled at Albany, N. Y., and bought from the aboriginal inhabitants a tract of land—some 160,000 acres—on either side of the Hudson. This estate became the manor and lordship of Livingston,

ing of the society in the community. They are :—Philip Livingston, Dr. Adam Thomson, Andrew Barclay, Earl of Stirling, Alexander Colden, Walter Rutherford, Peter Middleton, Lord Dunmore, John Watts, Wm. McAdam, Lord Drummond, David Johnston, Chancellor Livingston, Walter Rutherford, Robert Lenox, Dr. James Tillary, Archibald Gracie, Robert Halliday, John Graham, John Johnston, David Hadden, Hugh Maxwell, David S. Kennedy, Richard Irvin, Adam Norrie, Robert Gordon, William Wood, John Taylor Johnston, James Moir, James Brand, John S. Kennedy (who again fills the chair) and Walter Watson.

Whatever funds the society had prior to the Revolutionary War were dissipated by it. With the return of peace, however, it again exerted itself, and renewed its career of usefulness. Between the years 1787 and 1791 it had bank stocks worth \$4,000, which were sold in the last named year. A site was then purchased where Nos. 10 and 12 Broad street and 8 and 10 New street now stand, for the erection of a St. Andrew's Hall. The price paid for the ground was \$4,600. But the building scheme was dropped for some reason or other and the property was sold in 1794 for \$6,750. In 1803 the funds of the Dumfries and Galloway Society, then being wound up, amounting to about \$2,300, were transferred to it. The financial standing of the society has since continued steadily to advance, and at the present time its permanent fund amounts to about \$40,000. Besides, it owns three beds in hospitals and a plot in Cypress Hill Cemetery. In 1885 it expended \$3,945 on charity, with which it attended to the wants of 2,586 applicants for aid. The affairs of the society are very

prudently conducted, and even these figures, large as they are, fail to give a sufficient idea of the value and extent of its good deeds.

Very few persons, even after perusing the numerous details furnished in the reports of the society's operations issued every year, can form anything like a just appreciation of the nature, extent, and importance of the charitable work performed by the officers. The number of people who have fallen into destitute circumstances, through no fault of their own, in a large city like New York, must necessarily be always very great. They include the aged, the blind, the sick, the widow, and the orphan. So numerous, indeed, are such cases, that even with the resources at their command the officers are unable to be as generous as they would wish. Still the aid they give is always timely and welcome, and helps wonderfully in throwing a gleam of kindly light upon darkened lives. By means of the beds at their disposal in the Presbyterian and St. Luke's hospitals, the officers are able to secure proper treatment and the best of medical attendance for many of the sick. The burial plot belonging to the society in Cypress Hill Cemetery, tells its own sad story, and shows how the thoughtful kindness of the society, besides ministering to the wants of destitute Scots in life, tries to gratify the last wish of every one by giving their remains a respectable interment.

There is another class to whom the assistance of the society is rendered, and whose cases are often pitiable. This is the immigrants, or transients, as they may more properly be called. The old story is well known of people crossing the Atlantic in search of work, finding none, and

landing penniless in the streets. The cases are also common of people who leave places in the interior, and come to New York with the idea that employment can be had here for the asking; and there are hundreds of other causes which somehow end in making able-bodied men become idle wanderers in the great city. A moment's reflection will tell us what this means—it is poverty, hunger, despair, and degradation. The society tries to help these cases by providing temporary shelter, by furnishing the means for cleanliness, and in many other ways.

The Saint Andrew's Society of Montreal was established in 1835. It is one of the most active societies of its name in Canada, and yearly accomplishes a wonderful amount of good through its Saint Andrew's Home or direct charitable agencies. In 1885, 161 persons were admitted to the Home, 120 families were supplied with firewood and provisions during the winter, and in all \$1,560 was expended in relieving the distressed. In a discourse preached to the members, by the Rev. J. Edgar Hill, on the occasion of the jubilee of the society, the following reference to the early history of the society was made:—"Previous to 1835 there had been no organized brotherhood of Scotchmen in the city, and, therefore, no systematic care of immigrants from the old land. From 1835 to 1857 the society had a name but no place of habitation. Good work it had done, but it would do better. Accordingly in the early days of June, 1857, Saint Andrew's Home was opened, so that those who had left a home endeared to them by many tender associations should, in the new land across the sea, at once find a home provided for them till they had made a home for

themselves. The idea was a brilliant one, and the time as well as the place was marked by an obvious leading of Providence. For while the Home was opened on June 11th, the most pathetic appeal that has ever been made to the Saint Andrew's Society, and the most severe test to which her philanthropy has been subjected, was made on the 27th day of the same month, when the *Montreal* was burned to the water's edge a few miles below Quebec, on her passage to this city, and nearly 400 persons either perished in the flames or were drowned in trying to make their escape. The survivors of course lost their all. Many of them were widows and orphans, and all of them were sorrowful strangers in a strange land, under circumstances which evoked the sympathy of every tender heart. Most of these were Scottish immigrants, and at once the Saint Andrew's Society undertook most loyally to provide for every Scot among them. 'How much money do you want?' was the almost invariable question the collectors were met with—a splendid example of the characteristic Scotch way of answering questions by putting another. Funds flowed in from Scotsmen all over Canada, for Scottish hearts were bleeding for their suffering brothers and sisters."

The society is the principal Scottish organization of Montreal, and on its roll of members are the names of nearly all the representative Scots of that beautiful city. In particular every Scottish merchant may be found in the ranks, and the general amount of interest which is taken in the society and its works, is a gratifying illustration of the noblest form which the national clannishness can assume. Its present president is Mr. Hugh Maclellan, and among those who have held that position in former years we find

such truly representative men as Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. A. W. Ogilve, David McKay, Colonel A. A. Stevenson, Colonel Fletcher, W. W. Ogilvie, Ewen McLennan, and Wm. Angus.

The Baltimore Saint Andrew's Society is now about eighty years old, and has assets valued at \$35,000, and a membership of 120. It holds an honoured place among the national societies in the "Monumental City," and is ever ready to extend a helping hand to all who require such aid. In 1885, for instance, benevolent assistance had been given to 237 applicants, 2,000 nights' lodging and meals had been furnished, sixty poor people were helped to other parts of the country where they were likely to find relatives or work, and nine persons were sent back to Scotland. Besides these casual cases the society has generally between twenty and thirty pensioners on its list.

The Saint Andrew's Society of Toronto was established in 1836. It has \$3,000 securely invested, and in 1885 relieved 400 persons.

The London, Ont., St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society has not been so many years in existence as to enable it to boast of age, but it is a vigorous institution and full of usefulness. It has 195 members. From one of its annual reports the following summary of its work is taken:— "Relief granted this year to 435 families, to the extent of \$259.56; of this 92 families were included in the New Year's cheer feast, making in all 373 men, women and children. New Year's cheer amounted to \$166.36; 35 loaves of bread had been given to each of the orphan asy-

lums; 58 people had been relieved to the amount of \$103.20; meals given, 110." These societies may be fairly said to be representative of the others which are scattered all over the length and breadth of this continent. It may also be mentioned that the Charleston Society is 160 years old; Halifax (North British), 117; Albany, 83; Cleveland, 39; Washington, 21; Dundas, 45; Milwaukee, 25; and Chicago, 41 years. Many others could easily be enumerated, but the above form sufficient evidence to prove that these associations are not organized for the sake of gratifying any mere passing whim, but from a steady and set purpose, and the purest and most disinterested motives. They are in reality the highest expression of modern Christian patriotism.

Such institutions keep alive the memory of the grand old missionary in the best possible way, and still maintain the influence for good which he exerted during his own passage through this life. Their quiet, unostentatious beneficence is the best example of one of his finest characteristics which the Scot abroad can place before the nations in which he sojourns, and by no other can he derive so much honour. By most of these societies the 30th day of November in each year is observed as a time of great rejoicing. Then the patriotism of the members is freely expressed, and they extol their native land, its hills and valleys and streams, its men and women, its history, its battles, its antiquities, its discoveries, and a thousand and one other things in which the Scot imagines his own Mother Land particularly excels. Then, too, the old patriotic motto—"Nemo me impune lacessit"—is flung to the breeze, and people of other nationalities look on in as-

tonishment, and wonder what it is all about. But a yet grander motto is displayed, which all can appreciate and every one can understand. It is that simple legend of "Relieve the Distressed," which most of these societies have attached to their pictures of Saint Andrew, and which is certainly far more in keeping with the career of the apostle than the other. The latter is, however, endeared to the Scot by historic association, and is a symbol of national pride, antiquity, and independence. But the former is an evidence of actual work which is still being done. Let the two hereafter be entwined round his picture wherever it appears, and then love of country and kindly charity for fellow-countrymen would find united expression beside the figure of him from whom both are supposed to flow.

While these Saint Andrew's celebrations have their practical uses of encouraging charity and promoting social intercourse, they are often productive of much humour—real genuine fun—which lingers in the memory and provokes a smile long after the occasion that called it forth has passed away. Some few years ago the president of one of the Western societies sent a congratulatory message, as is the custom, to a dozen or more sister societies then engaged in celebrating the Day. The message was identical to each, and was simply as follows:—"Philippians ii., 14th and 15th." Although Scots are, as a rule, well versed in the Scriptures, few, if any, of the merry-makers could imagine what message these verses contained, and, as the Bible is not generally present at a Saint Andrew's supper, they had to remain for that night, at any rate, in blissful ignorance. But those who looked into the matter the next morning could hardly refrain from smiling, and mummur-

ing "how appropriate," when they read as follows :—"Do all things without murmurings and disputings : that ye may be blameless and harmless children of God without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights of the world."

The following list of toasts which was printed for a Saint Andrew's celebration held by the Scots at Kimberley, South Africa, deserves reproduction for the appropriate extracts which accompany and illustrate each sentiment :—

"The Army, Navy, and Volunteers."

Do I not ken the smell o' pouter, think ye ?—*Scott*.

The ship sails ower the faem

Will bring the merchants and my lemman hame.

—*Gawin Douglas*.

"The Day an' a' wha honour it."

Peace and goodwill on earth to man,

This day be Scotia's prayer,

To aid the poor, relieve distress,

Be each true Scotsman's care.

Love, health and joy be each child's lot

Baith here and far away,

Whose patriot heart throbs loud wi' pride

Upon Saint Andrew's Day.—*Keith*.

"The Land we left."

Scotland the land of all I love,

The land of all that love me;

Land whose green sod my youth has trod

Whose sod shall lie above me.

Hail, country of the brave and good

Hail, land of song and story,

Land of the uncorrupted heart,

Of ancient faith and glory.—*Chambers*.

I hope there's naething wrang in stan'in' up for ane's ain country's credit in a strange lan'.—*Scott*.

"Sister Societies."

Sae nae mair, neibors, sae nae sic word

Wi' hert aye arguin' and shrill

"Wha is the neibor to me, O Lord "

But "Wha am I neibor till.—*George Macdonald*.

“ Past Presidents.”

When ye win at that ye may lick aff a hot girdle.—*Old Proverb.*

“ Scottish Poets.”

Oh ! may the balm o' love an' song ne'er leave auld Scotia's isle,
Lang may it bless the poor man's hearth, an' soothe the poor man's toil;
May peace her dove-like wings unfauld, ower a' her hills and dales,
Sae lang's the thistle wags its head, or wave the heather bells.
Lang may her sons and daughters fair maintain their auld renown,
Nor slight a friend, nor fear a foe, nor dread a tyrant's frown,
Lang may they chaunt the lilts they love, the sangs we maist admire,
And frae her flowers fresh garlands twine to deck the Scottish lyre.

—*G. W. Donald.*

“ Scottish Music.”

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil.—*Scott.*

I heard her sing “ Auld Robin Gray,”
An' “ Yarrow's dowie den,”
O' Flodden an' our forest flower,
Cut doon by Englishmen.—*Janet Hamilton.*

O Alistair McAlister
Your chanter sets us a' a stir.
Then to your pipes an' blaw wi' birr,
We'll dance the Highland Fling.—*Old Song.*

“ Scottish Memories.”

As in the gloaming eerie calm,
'Midst fancies fleeting fast,
Our thoughts in unison resort,
All fondly to the past.
So in the evening soft of life,
The scenes that brightest shine,
Within our inmost heart of hearts,
Are the days o' langsyne.—*James Guthrie Cargill.*

“ Scottish Love Songs.”

Love is as warm amongst cottars as courtiers.
—*Ramsay's Proverbs.*

“ Wives an' Weans.”

I hae a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody.—*Burns.*

“ The Ladies.”

Maidens should be mild an’ meek, quick to hear and slow to speak.

—*Old Proverb.*

Saw ye e’er a lanely lassie,
Thinkin’ gin she were a wife ?

—*Lady Nairne.*

A’ are guid lassies, but whaur do the ill wives come frae ?

—*Old Proverb.*

Though women’s minds like winter winds
May shift an’ turn, an’ a’ that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.—*Burns.*

Perhaps the most interesting humorous contribution to the literature of “ The Day ” is the following “ Chronicle of Saint Andrew,” which appeared some years ago in the *Indian Daily News*, published at Calcutta. It is written in the style of the once-famous “ Chaldee Manuscript,” and though it contains a few local allusions, the bulk of it will readily be understood, and its humour fully appreciated by any who have taken part in such national celebrations as it is supposed to chronicle :—

1. It came to pass, in the year one thousand eight hundred and four score and one, in the City of Palaces, dwelt certain wise men from a far country beyond the great sea.

2. (In that year the rulers of the city did that which was right in their own eyes.)

3. Now these wise men assembled themselves together, and they said one to another, Go to, let us remember our brethren whom we have left.

4. For behold we be in a far country, and it shall come to pass that men shall say of us, Ye be blameless on the earth : ye have fled from the land of your nativity, because the land of your nativity is poor.

5. This thing, therefore, will we do; we will make a great feast, so that the nose of whomsoever smelleth it shall tingle, and we will call to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of our fathers.

6. So they appointed a day and many were gathered together—a mixed multitude from the Land of Cakes and of Thistles, from the West and from the North, and from the Isles of the Sea.

7. And behold a great feast was prepared, and men in white raiment ministered unto them, and a ruler of the feast was appointed, and set in the midst.

8. And forthwith to each man was given a writing of the good things of the feast, and the writing was in a tongue no man could understand, for the language was the language of the *Crapaud*, which signifieth in the heathen tongue, a frog.

9. And some there were who pretended to know the writing, and the interpretation thereof: now these were hypocrites; for they knew but six letters of the writing, and those letters were H A G G I S, and even this much was a great mystery.

10. And the dishes no man could number: the people ate mightily, as it were the space of one hour. And no man spake to his neighbour till his inner man was comforted.

11. And while they ate, behold there drew near three mighty men of valour, clothed in many-coloured garments; and they bore in their arms musical instruments shaped liked unto a beast of prey.

12. And they blew mightily upon what seemed the tail thereof, and straightway came thereof shrieks and sounds as it were the howlings of the damned.

13. And the hearts of the people were comforted, for this is that wherein their great strength lieth.

14. And wine was brought in vessels, but the children of the North would none of these : for they quenched their thirst with the Dew of the Mountain, which is the water of fire.

15. Then spake the wise men of the congregation unto them, and called to mind the ancient days and the mighty deeds of their fathers. And the people rejoiced exceedingly.

16. Now it came to pass when they had eaten and drunken greatly, even unto the full, that the hinges of their tongues were loosened—yea, even the joints of their knees.

17. And the ruler of the feast fled to his home, and a third part of the multitude followed, and a third part remained, saying, “ We thirst ;” and a third part rose up to dance.

18. And they danced after the fashion of their country, and their movements resembled the peregrinations of a hen upon a griddle, which is hot. Yet they seemed to think it pleasant, for they shouted for joy.

19. Now as for them that were athirst, behold, their drinking was steady, but their limbs were not so ; yea, they also shouted for joy, and sang amazingly.

20. And they answered one to another and said, that notwithstanding the crowing of the cock or the dawning of the day, they should still partake of the juice of the barley. So they encouraged one another with these words.

21. And now it came to pass, that, as they sat, one came and said that he had seen a strange fire in the sky, but what it was he could not tell,

22. And some said, It is the moon ; and others said, It is the sun ; and some said, Doth the sun ride in the west ? and others said, This is not the west, but the east ; and some said, Which is it ? for we perceive two in the sky.

23. And one said, I see nothing. Now the name of that man was Blin Foo. He was the son of Fill Foo, and his mother's name was Haud Foo ; and his brethren Bung Foo, Sing Foo, and Greet Foo, were speechless.

24. Then each man bade his neighbour farewell, embracing, and vowing eternal friendship, and some were borne home by men in scanty raiment, and others in carriages which jingled as they went ; and others drove their own chariots home, and saw many strange sights ; for they found grass growing and ditches in the midst of the way where they had not perceived them before.

25. And it came to pass that in the morning many lamented, and took no breakfast that day ; and the men in white raiment brought unto them many cunningly devised drinks, yea, pick-me-ups, for their tongues clove unto the roofs of their mouths and the spittle on their beard was like unto a small silver coin, even a sixpence.

26. But, when they thought of the previous day, they rejoiced again, for they said, Our brethren whom we have left, will hear of it at the feast of the New Year, and they will remember us and bless us, and our hearts and hands shall be strengthened for our labour here.

In connection with Saint Andrew celebrations the following extracts from a letter in the *Scottish-American Journal*, of New York, in 1884, on "Scottish Dishes for Saint Andrew's Day," may not be inappropriate :—

“First of all comes Hotch-potch, the very name of which almost makes a Scotsman sing. No Italian *maestro* no French *chef* ever invented a nobler dish. It is easily made, and consists simply of—but here it is in song :—

O leeze me on the canny Scotch,
Wha first contrived without a botch
To mak’ the gusty, good hotch-potch
That fills the wame sae brawly.
There’s carrots intill’t, and neeps intill’t,
There’s cybies intill’t, and leeks intill’t,
There’s pease, and beans, and beets intill’t,
That soom thro’ ither sae brawly.

The French mounseer and English loon,
When they come daunderin’ thro’ our toon,
Wi’ smirks an’ smacks they gulph it doon
And lick their lips fu’ brawly.
For there’s carrots intill’t, and neeps intill’t,
And cybies intill’t, and leeks intill’t,
There’s mutton, and lamb, and beef intill’t
That mak’s it up sae brawly.

And Irish Pat, when he comes here,
To lay his lugs in our good cheer,
He shoofs his cutty wi’ unco steer,
And clears his cogue fu’ brawly :
For there’s carrots intill’t, and neeps intill’t,
There’s pease, and beans, and beets intill’t,
And a’ good gusty meats intill’t,
That grease his gab fu’ brawly.

A dainty dame she cam’ our way,
An’ sma’ *soup meagre* she wad hae ;
“Wi’ your fat broth I cannot away—
It maks me scunner fu’ brawly;
For there’s carrots intill’t, and neeps intill’t,
There’s cybies intill’t, and leeks intill’t,
And filthy, greasy meats intill’t,
That turn my stomach sae brawly.”

She gat her soup: It was unco trash,
And little better than poor dish-wash;
’Twad gie a man the *water-brash*
To sup sic dirt sae brawly:
Nae carrots intill’t, nor neeps intill’t,

Nae cybies intill't, nor leeks intill't,
 Nor nae good gusty meats intill't,
 To line the ribs fu' brawly.

Then here's to ilka kindly Scot;
 Wi' mony good broths he boils his pot,
 But rare *hotch-potch* beats a' the lot,
 It smells and smacks sae brawly:
 For there's carrots intill't, and neeps intill't,
 There's pease, and beans, and beets intill't,
 And hearty, wholesome meats intill't,
 That stech the kite sae brawly.

The haggis seems to be in common enough use almost, to make mention of it here appear needless ; but simple as it is, how seldom do we have it presented to us properly cooked ? A Cockney in Delmonico's, New York, one year, seeing the haggises carried round by the waiters, came to the conclusion that they were simply boiled bagpipes. How many of the haggises we get here would have been relished by the peasants in the "Gentle Shepherd?"

And on the haggis Elspa spares nae cost,
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice.

I have frequently read in Meg Dodds and other cookery books published in Scotland, capital directions for preparing and cooking the "Great Chieftain," and if these were followed, simply and carefully, we would have a dish which we could eat without drawing on our patriotism.

No Scottish feast should be considered complete without some preparation of oatmeal, either in the form of porridge, brose, brochan, or cakes. Brose, for instance, is easily made, and even in its simplest form it is relishing and nourishing. But there is no end to the varieties which a skilful cook, endowed with the slightest spark of imagination, may not contrive. For instance, there is the mussel brose to which the poet Ferguson refers:—

At Musselburgh and eke Newhaven,
The fisher wives will get top livin'
When lads gang oot on Sunday even,
To treat their joes,
And tak' o' fat pandores a prievin',
Or mussel brose.

Another kind of brose, common among the fishing communities of Scotland, is boiled in the heads of haddocks (called crappit heads), and is remarkably sweet. Then there is Athole brose, although oatmeal does not enter into its composition ; but the less taken of it the better. Kail brose, however, nicely done up with butter, is beyond dispute the king, or rather emperor, of all the brose dishes.

When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird
For a spot o' gude ground to be a kailyaird
It was to the brose that they paid their regard.
O ! the kail brose of auld Scotland,
And O ! the auld Scottish kail brose.

Scotch oatmeal cakes are favourites everywhere, and, like all Scotch articles, the simpler the way in which they are made the better do they taste. A well-made oatmeal cake, nicely browned, and spread over with pure fresh butter, is a treat fit for a king. Nothing in the world of pastrydom, with its greasiness, flabbiness, sourness, and powers of indigestion, is worthy of being mentioned or compared to it.

The sheepshead and trotters form another magnificent dish, if singed with Bailie Nicol Jarvie's weapon—the red-hot poker. Its excellencies have been sung by many of our poets, and in the “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*” Christopher North discusses it in such a way as to make a Scot's mouth water. The *Shepherd*, in the same work, by the way, often waxes eloquent on the subject of Scotch cookery, and his

description of a wonderful Welsh rabbit, of which one end was in his stomach, the middle in his mouth, and the other end on a plate on the table before him, is one of the most ludicrous passages in modern literature.

I would like to dwell upon broth, potted-head, scones, brochan, white and black puddings, sowens, brose, howtowie, and fifty other delicacies; but I am afraid I have already occupied more of your space than the subject warrants. Let me, however, assure your readers, especially those connected with our Scottish societies, that a good enjoyable dinner can easily be got up at which our old-time dainties need form the only attraction. This, all will agree, would be an improvement over the present system, and I am certain that at the close of such a feast we could each say, as Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, 'Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a whole synod of cooks.' "

Legends innumerable used to be told regarding the personal active work of the Saint on earth, long after he had passed from beyond its bounds. In the good old times, when ignorance and superstition shrouded pure religion, a patron saint was not regarded as the mere nonentity which in these matter-of-fact days he is believed to be, especially in Protestant countries. He was supposed to take a direct, lively interest in all people or places which were under his patronage, and of course a popular saint like Andrew would have his hands full attending to all the men and cities, towns, villages, cathedrals, churches, and so forth, which had been placed in his care. Here is one of these legends in which the good Saint figures, which may illus-

trate the nature of the others. "Once upon a time," says the story, with the delightful vagueness of an old fairy tale, for it would never do to degrade such legends with hard and fast dates, "there lived a good bishop." So far all is well. What has been told may be accepted as truth, and it is only right that it should be separated from the doubtful part of the tale, which is here reprinted from "The Golden Legend."

"This bishop loved Saint Andrew, worshipped him above all other saints, remembered him every day, and said prayers in honour of God and Saint Andrew, insomuch that the devil spitefully determined to do him mischief. Wherefore, on a certain day, the devil transformed himself 'into the fourme of a ryght fayre woman,' and came to the bishop's palace and desired in that 'fourme' to confess, as women do. When the bishop was informed of the message he answered that she should go and confess herself to his 'penytauncer,' who had power from him to hear confessions. Thereupon, she sent the bishop word that she would not reveal the secrets of her confession to any but himself; therefore the bishop commanded her to be brought to him. Whereupon, being in his presence, she told him that her father was a mighty king, who had proposed to give her to a prince in marriage, but that, having devoted herself to piety, she refused, and that her father had constrained her so much that she must either have consented to his will or suffered divers torments; wherefore, she chose to live in exile, and had fled secretly away to the bishop, of whose holy life she had heard, and with whom she now begged to live in secret contemplation, 'and eschew the evyll peryll of this present lyfe.' Then

the bishop marvelled greatly, as well for the nobility of her descent as for the beauty of her person, and said, 'Choose thee an house, and I wyll that thou dyne with me this daye;' and she answered that evil suspicion might come theréof, and the splendour of his renown be therefore impaired. To this the bishop replied that there would be many others present, therefore there could be no evil suspicion. Then the devil dined with the bishop, who did not know him, but admired him as a fair lady, to whom, therefore, the bishop paid so much attention that the devil perceived his advantage, and began to increase in beauty more and more; and more and more the bishop marvelled at the exceeding loveliness before him, and did homage thereto, and conceived greater affection than a bishop should. Then a pilgrim smote at the bishop's gate, and though he knocked hard they would not open the door; then the pilgrim at the gate knocked louder, and the bishop grew less charitable and more polite, and asked the beautiful creature before him whether it was her pleasure that the pilgrim should enter; and she desired that a question should be put to the pilgrim, which, if he could answer, he should be received, and if he could not he should abide without as not worthy to come in. And the company assented thereto, and the bishop said none of them were so able to propose the question as the lady, because in fair speaking and wisdom she surpassed them all. Then she required that it should be demanded of the pilgrim what is the greatest marvel in the smallest space that even God made? And then the bishop's messenger propounded the question to the pilgrim, who answered that it was the diversity and excellence of the faces of men, be-

cause from the beginning of the world there are not two men whose faces 'were lyke, and semblante in all thynges;' and the company declared that this was a very good answer to the question. Then she asked, to prove the further knowledge of the pilgrim, 'What thing on earth is higher than all the heaven?' and the pilgrim answered, 'The body of Jesus Christ which is in the imperial heaven, is of earthly flesh, and is more high than all the heaven'; and by this answer they were again surprised, and marvellously praised the pilgrim's wisdom. Then she desired that a third question might be asked of the pilgrim, 'What is the distance from the bottomless pit into the imperial heaven?' and the pilgrim answered, 'Go to him that sent thee to me and ask the question of *him* for *he* can better answer it, because he measured this distance when he fell from heaven into the bottomless pit, and *I* never measured it;' and when the messenger heard this he was sore afraid, and fearfully told the pilgrim's message to the bishop and all the others, who when they heard the same were afraid. Then forthwith the devil vanished away from before their eyes, and the bishop repented and sent the messenger to bring in the pilgrim, but he could not be found. So the bishop assembled the people and told them what had happened, and required them to pray that it might be revealed who this pilgrim was that had delivered him from so great peril; and the same night it was revealed to the bishop that it was Saint Andrew, who had put himself into the habit of a pilgrim for the bishop's deliverance. 'Then began the bishop more and more devotyen and remembrance of Saynt Andrew than he hadde tofore.' "

CHAPTER X.

THE PATRON SAINT.

WE have seen how Saint Andrew, in the course of his missionary labours, visited Russia. His sojourn there was productive of far more good than he ever knew, for his name and works were made known all over the great extent of that country, and even in places so remote from the scene of his labours that the full meaning of his words were lost, the impression of what he taught exerted much influence on the minds and manners of the people. As Christianity advanced into its bounds Andrew became recognised as the titular saint of the country, and his memory was held in the utmost veneration. In 1698, Peter the Great created an order of knighthood—the Knights of the Blue Ribbon—in recognition of the introduction of Christianity into the country by the Saint. This reverence for Saint Andrew is still kept up in that country, and its flag, like that of Scotland, is his white cross on a blue ground. The difference between the two flags is in such a slight point of detail that only heralds can appreciate it. So much alike are they that I have seen Russian flags holding the place of honour at Scottish Saint

Andrew's banquets in this country, and few present imagined for a moment that they were not sitting beneath the shadow of the old genuine Scottish banner.

In Burgundy similar national honours have been paid to the memory of the Saint, proving that his labours bore lasting fruit in that historic land. It was long believed that the cross upon which he died was removed from Patras and carried to a religious house at Weaune, near Marseilles. It was afterwards placed in the monastery of St. Victor, in Marseilles itself, about 1250. A portion of this relic, enclosed in a silver case, was taken to Brussels by Philip, Duke of Burgundy. In honour of this translation he instituted the knightly order of the Golden Fleece, and its badge is a representation of Saint Andrew's Cross, or, as it is called, the Cross of Burgundy. In Hungary also, great honour is rendered to the memory of the Missionary Apostle.

Throughout the world churches and cathedrals innumerable have been erected in honour of Saint Andrew, or bear his name. Some of them are wonders of architectural skill and beauty. Roman Catholics, in particular, are zealous in associating the Saint with their places of worship, and in every city where two or three of these are erected one is generally known by his name. The Presbyterians in Scotland are not so fond of associating their tabernacles with saints, and, except in the larger towns, the designations applied to the churches are purely territorial. In Dundee, Dunfermline, Kilmarnock, Orkney, Greenock, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other places, however, we find "Saint Andrew's" parishes or churches. In Eng-

land, in connection with the Presbyterian body, there are Saint Andrew's churches in Stockton, Birkenhead, Southampton, and Manchester. The most famous Presbyterian church bearing the name is that on George Street, Edinburgh. In it was held that notable General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in May, 1843, when the Disruption took place and the Free Church was constituted. It was the most significant event which had taken place in Scotland subsequent to the Reformation, and it stirred the national heart as no other event had done since the time when the people in Auld Greyfriars declared their adhesion to "Christ's Cause and Covenant." Even those who were opposed to the Disruptionists, stern, cool, logical men like Lord Jeffrey, could not help being moved to tears when they knew the final step had been taken and that the malcontents were "out." But it was a proud day for Scotland, for it showed that the old, sturdy, unbending integrity which had sustained the people even in the troublesome times of Claverhouse and Dalzell had not died out. One hundred and twenty-one ministers voluntarily threw up their livings and left the Established Church rather than violate what they believed to be the truth, or swerve from what they regarded as the right. However we may question their principles or arguments, we can hardly refuse to them our admiration, for their integrity was beyond all question and the sacrifice they made was great. Mr. Peter Bayne, in his life of Hugh Miller, says:—"Within the present century no day has dawned on Scotland when the heart of the nation was so profoundly agitated as on that on which the majority in the General Assembly of 1843 left St. Andrew's Church and proceeded to Canonmills

Hall. There had been no intention on the part of the protesting ministers and elders to form a procession ; but when the first exultant shout with which the emerging figures were greeted had subsided, the crowd fell back on either side in spontaneous reverence, and formed a lane through which the procession moved. Dr. Welsh, the Moderator of the preceding year, with Chalmers and Gordon—two men whose appearance, the one for its massive and leonine manhood, the other for its severe intellectual majesty, would have attracted notice in any assemblage in Christendom—led the way. Cunningham, Candlish, McDonald of Ferintosh, Campbell of Monzie, Murray Dunlop, men whose names had become household words in Scotland, followed. As they headed the column on its way down the broad swell of undulation on which the new town of Edinburgh is built, the Firth of Forth before them, the Bass Rock far on the right, the blue hills of the north closing in the distance, there were lookers-on who, although they had opposed the movement, felt their eyes moisten with proud joy that they had seen such a day. It was the old land yet ; the staff of immortality, the asbestos thread of incorruptible national character, the light that struggled in Falkirk's Wood, and beamed out at Bannockburn, and played in fitful gleams upon the storm-tossed banner of the Covenant, survived in Scotland still."

There is yet another circle in which honor is paid to the memory of Saint Andrew, and that is the ancient Order of Freemasonry. It is impossible precisely to account for this, for except in the charitable features of that organization it has nothing in common with anything appertaining

to the Apostle. The patron saints of this Order are St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, who are said, on the faith of traditions, to have belonged to it. One tradition has it that Andrew received his Masonic teaching from the Baptist, and was, with him, a member of a sect of Essenes. The story also alleges that the Culdees of Scotland were the successors of the same sect, and if this statement could be proved it would show that Freemasonry really was an institution in Scotland from the very earliest times, and also explain how the popular reverence for Saint Andrew arose. But like so many other early Masonic traditions, it has nothing in the way of proof to support it. Be all this, however, as it may, lodges of Freemasons bearing the name of Saint Andrew are to be found scattered over the world, most of them being under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The Chevalier Ramsay, the great Masonic innovator of the eighteenth century, in the so called "Ancient Scottish Rite," which he instituted at Paris, styled one of its degrees "The Grand Scotch Knight of Saint Andrew." Ramsay was a native of Ayr, where he was born in 1686. Dr. Mackay, in his "Lexicon of Freemasonry," says that he was a man of extensive erudition and a friend of "the great and good Fenelon. One of the most faithful followers of the Pretender, he sought to identify the progress of Freemasonry with the house of Stuart. For this purpose he endeavoured to obviate the objections of the French nobility to the mechanical origin of the institution, at which their pride revolted, by asserting that it arose in the Holy Land during the crusades, as an order of chivalry." On this basis the "Scottish Rite" was raised in 1728.

The most prosperous and influential of all the "Saint Andrew's" lodges in the world is that at Boston, Massachusetts. It received its charter in 1756 from the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the document was signed by Sholto-Charles-Douglas, Lord Aberdour, at that time Grand Master. The original members, it is believed, were all natives of Scotland, and several of them had settled in Boston by way of Halifax, N. S. For several years before receiving the charter most of them were known to each other as members of the fraternity, and as such had frequently met together in an informal manner. These meetings, so far as can be traced, first began to be held in 1750. In 1754, a much honoured Scotch resident, named James Logan, went over to his native land and stated the case of his Boston friends to the members of a lodge in Falkirk, of which he was a member. This lodge endorsed the application for a charter by the brethren "yont the sea." It took four years for the charter to reach Boston after its issue, the delay being caused, in part, by the extreme care which was taken to prevent its falling into the hands of improper parties. The bearer of the charter to this country was William McAlpine, and he completed his mission successfully on September 4, 1760, when the important document was laid before the brethren. The first entered apprentice was initiated the same evening in the person of the now celebrated Paul Revere. The early irregular meetings of the lodge were held in private residences, but the organization under the charter took place in the lodge-room of the Royal Exchange Tavern on King Street, now State Street, Boston. The brethren continued to meet there until 1764, when they purchased the Green

Dragon Tavern for £466 (a property which still remains in the hands of the lodge), and there the communications were held until 1818. The Lodge of Saint Andrew has occupied in all six relationships in connection with grand bodies. 1st, as a subordinate of the Grand Lodge of Scotland; 2d, under recognition by a provincial grand body, substantially of its own creation; 3d, a qualified recognition as a grand lodge caused by the exigencies of the Revolution; 4th, by recognition of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts; 5th, as an isolated lodge; and 6th, in its present honoured position as a member of the Massachusetts Grand Lodge. Amidst all these changes of official relationship it has uniformly worked under its original Scotch charter. From the first it had an abundance of candidates, and some of these were men whose names were destined to go down through American history in consequence of the part they played in the Revolutionary war. Joseph Warren, for instance, the hero of Bunker Hill, joined the lodge in 1761. During the war the scenes in the lodge-room were full of practical interest. With one or two exceptions, the members embraced the American cause, and in these troublous times the Mason became sunk in the Patriot, and the walls of the lodge-room in the old Green Dragon Tavern resounded to patriotic appeals and stirring speeches on behalf of liberty. During the siege of Boston, the lodge-room was closed, and the building used as an hospital. The brethren did not forget the cause of charity in that epoch, and committees were formed to look after prisoners of war and distressed foreign brethren. In the winter of 1777 the distress in Boston was great, and the members voted £250 for the general relief. For this they received

the thanks of the Overseers of the Poor, and the Grand Lodge of Scotland also thanked them for their kind offices to the British prisoners.

The history of Saint Andrew's Lodge after the Revolution contains little to cause comment or note in such a work as this. It felt the ups and downs of the times, as did all other institutions, and like other Masonic lodges it experienced the blighting effect of the general outcry which arose against the Order in the beginning of the present century. But "through the whirling wheel of time, through the tempest and the storm, through attritions of the waves and sands of life, through good report and bad, it has still maintained its beneficent influence." It is regarded as one of the wealthiest lodges in the world, and membership in it is justly esteemed an honour.

In 1855 the members of Saint Andrew's Lodge determined to celebrate the anniversary of its existence in a becoming manner. Mr. C. W. Moore, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and a member of the lodge, being about to visit Europe, was authorized to invite the Grand Lodge of Scotland to be present by delegation. At a communication in October, 1855, a committee was appointed with full power to make the necessary arrangements for the festival, and at a subsequent communication the lodge agreed to have a jewel prepared to be worn for the first time at the anniversary festival. The jewel was made of gold, emblazoned with the cross of Saint Andrew. The anniversary was duly celebrated by the brethren on Saturday, November 29, 1856, in company with a large number of guests, two of whom specially represented the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

One of the most prosperous Masonic lodges in Ontario is that of Saint Andrew of Toronto, which was organized in 1822 under a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of England. Besides diffusing Masonic light in its own immediate sphere, it has had the pleasure of seeing three strong lodges formed at different times from out of its own ranks. It has taken an active part in Masonic matters in the Province, at least since 1829, and in all deeds of charity has constantly been active. Nor is its charity expended solely at home, for, as occasion demands, its sympathies can be expressed for other places. Thus, when the news came of the great fire at Chicago in 1871, a special assessment was resolved upon among the brethren and a goodly sum raised, which was at once forwarded to the Grand Master of Illinois to relieve the distress among the fraternity in the unfortunate Garden City.

A Lodge of Saint Andrew also exists at Hobart, Delaware County, N. Y., and the well-known Scotia Lodge of New York City was at first known by that grand name.

Many pictures of Saint Andrew have been painted in all the ages since his crucifixion. The most famous is the picture of his martyrdom, by Murillo, which is still preserved in the Royal Gallery at Madrid. In almost all the paintings Andrew is represented as of tall and dignified, but kindly presence, while his long, flowing beard gives him quite a patriarchal appearance. In DaVinci's celebrated picture of the "Last Supper," Andrew is represented standing nearly erect at the end of the table, with his hands resting on it, and beside him is Philip, who is looking earnestly at Christ. He is there depicted in the

prime of manhood, and his countenance denotes honesty and resolution.

So far as we may judge from the records which have come down to us, the leading feature in the character of Saint Andrew was his devotion to what he regarded as his mission. He was ever true and faithful to the right, and earnest in the work he undertook to do, bringing all his might to aid him in thoroughly performing every duty which was assigned to him. Of his energy nothing need be said, for the extent of his travels in the then known world is sufficient proof that he was endowed with this grand quality in no ordinary degree. But his energy had nothing rude or dictatorial about it, for he was ever gentle and humble, and possessed none of the wild turbulence and reckless impetuosity which distinguished his brother Peter. This gentleness made him friends wherever he went, even among the wandering hordes of wild, unconquered Russia, and aided his cause more effectually, with these untutored, ungovernable spirits, than though he had assumed the air and bearing of a conqueror, or of one who came as the ambassador of the King of Kings through the mediation of the Prince of Peace. He was full of kindness and real sympathy for the poor wherever he wandered, and loved to minister to their bodily afflictions as well as to their souls. One of the old legends beautifully illustrates this. Gregory, Bishop of Tours, once reported that on each anniversary of the Saint's crucifixion there used to issue from his tomb a most fragrant oil, which, when used for anointing the sick, always restored them to health. Still, with all these noble characteristics, it is cer-

tain that the Saint would never have travelled such distances, and placed himself in so many deadly perils in Asia, as he did, were it not for his amiable, trusting disposition. He trusted his fellowmen, but more than them he trusted in the assurances and protection of the Lord Jesus Christ. That gave him the wonderful strength which sustained him through toils, and dangers, and miseries, of which we can now form no conception, and supported him even during the terrible agony of the cross, until the Saviour called him upward to dwell with Him in peace and joy, for ever and for ever more.

In Saint Andrew we have the best example of a man, the influence of whose good deeds survive long after he has passed away, and his own works have themselves disappeared. He seldom intruded his own personality even when travelling with Jesus, but in the Gospel narratives we find that he was always at the Master's hand, ready to be of service. When he preached, he preached what Christ had taught him, and that alone. He left no writings, like others of the apostles, for the works attributed to him in the earlier ages of Christianity have long been thrown aside as spurious. None of the churches which he founded survive in themselves, and even his travels can only be traced to a great extent by tradition. But the early traditions were never like so many modern romances, mere idle fancies of the brain ; they were generally based on truth, and their outlines may very freely be accepted as correct.

Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, the influence of Saint Andrew is as great to this day as is that of any of his brother apostles, and his fame is constantly widening and deepening. Great nations, as has been seen, claim him

with pride as their Patron Saint. The Greek, Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian bodies delight in calling many of their churches after him. In the sacred cause of charity hundreds of thousands of dollars are distributed in his name year after year, and this charity is so carefully apportioned that the real poor and the suffering in many lands bless the hands that give it as well as the memory by which it is inspired.

What is the fame of a Cæsar or a Napoleon when compared to such a fame as this? Since his feet have trod this weary earth empires have risen and fallen; monarchs have enjoyed their brief authority and passed into nothingness; systems of morality and even of religion have been diligently reared and as diligently picked to pieces by human hands; structures meant to last throughout the ages have crumbled unto dust; generations of men have come and went and left no sign; but this man's fame has steadily grown amidst all these years and changes, for it is founded on the best and truest of all foundations. In ages yet to come his memory will be revered and his praises sung by all men; yea, even the children will delight to speak in their kindly, lisping accents of the doings of "Guid Sanct Andrew."

CHAPTER XI.

AMONG THE POETS.

THE poetry of Scotland is "pre-eminently a hamely lilt."

It is of the people, by the people, and for the people. Whenever it has proved successful, whenever it has proved enduring, it has always had for its themes topics which the populace could both appreciate and understand. The best and most characteristic poetry has sung of the traditions, history, memories, and aspirations of the bulk of the people, or the hills, valleys, rivers, lakes, fields, and hamlets which lay around them. Of course, the poets often followed the literary fashions of their particular times, and laid their claims to posthumous fame, if not to immortality, on foundations as unstable and treacherous as the fashions themselves. Gavin Douglas translated the "*Æneid*" into pure, sweet verse, but his work is now forgotten, except by the antiquary and student of literature. A similar fate has overtaken his original poems, the "*Palise of Honour*" and "*King Hart*." James I. in his "*King's Quair*," and Robert Henryson in his "*Testament of Cresseid*" and "*Tale of Orpheus*," followed the mythological lead of Chaucer and the English poets of the time, and these produc-

tions, graceful though they be, and full of quaint conceits and fine imagery, are now never read, as poetry should be read, for the simple delight which comes from the reading. In a later age Sir William Alexander wrote much in the most fashionable style and manner of his day. He won considerable reputation as a poet, if we may accept as evidence on this point the many volumes he issued during his lifetime, and King James, "The Sapiant and Sext," himself a "Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," styled him his "philosophic poet." But as a poet Sir William is now forgotten, and few attempt to read his ponderous "Monarchicke Tragedies," or even any of the very beautiful sonnets which he published under the name of "Aurora." So, too, with the song-writers. When they wasted their conceits and rhymes upon such heroines and heroes as Delia, Miranda, Chloe, Phillis, Daphne, Adonis, Strephon, or Varo, or introduced such phrases into a Doric song as "Omnia vincit amor," their works made little or no impression. Popular as they may have been in their time among a class, they have since been utterly forgotten, and are only preserved to readers of the present day by being inserted as curiosities in the pages of the standard "complete" collections. But wherever Scottish song dealt with realities, when it lifted the actual, the commonplace, the living into the region of poetry, when it idealized facts and invested the truths of history or the beauties of the landscape with the indefinable glamour of fancy, it sunk down into the hearts of the people and there found an abiding place. It became popular; and enduring popularity is the best test of the merit and usefulness of poetry after all. Blind Harry's "Wallace," rude and uncouth in many pas-

sages and disconnected and clumsy in its structure, continued to be a prime favourite for centuries, until the language so changed that it became in its original shape almost unreadable. So did the caustic satires of Sir David Lindsay retain their popularity until long after most of the events which inspired them had passed into oblivion. It is the same ingredient of reality which make the ballads of Scotland, written by nobody knows whom, so dear to the people, and it is that also which has made so much of Burns' poetry be as fresh and charming to-day as it was when it first came from his inspired pen. Truth is the great element in all Scottish poetry which is worthy of the name and which has any chance of enduring even for a brief period beyond its own immediate generation. It was the neglect of this primal element which has made so much of the writings of Ramsay, Ferguson and their predecessors, as well as contemporaries, be unreadable in the present day, or at least be incapable of affording the slightest pleasure.

It is probably for the reason that Saint Andrew was more a name—a figurehead—than anything else to the people of Scotland that the poets did not tune their harps to sing his praises from an early time. The Scots, in fact, do not seem to have taken very kindly to saints at any period in their history. The priests, as has been pointed out, named many parishes and churches after sainted guardians, and the old fairs at which the people used to gather and transact their business, or hold their merry-meetings, were generally known by the name of some particular saint, and a few of those which survive are still so called even to the present time. But there was nothing so directly personal

about Saint Andrew as to quicken the imaginative and rhyming powers of the Scot. Even now-a-days, when the qualities of the Saint are better known, his name does not appear to arouse any effort of the muse among Scotsmen at home. To them he simply seems to be a lay figure representing patriotism, and they have innumerable representatives of that quality in every nook and corner of their land appealing to their sense of reality or their sentiment of association.

But among Scots abroad the case is vastly different. Saint Andrew typifies their native land and all its hallowed memories, and is to them a common centre around which they all can rally. To them the Saint is a reality, a personage who once lived, and whose usefulness on earth is still maintained, and, therefore, among the multitude of Scots who sing in the rich old Doric, the very language of song, we have to look to those who dwell in this and other "fremit" lands for the melodies which extol Saint Andrew's virtues, eulogize his memory, or are directly appropriate to the celebration of his anniversary.

John Imlah, the author of the two following songs and several other superior lyrics, was born at Aberdeen in 1799. His father was an innkeeper in the "Granite City," and his ancestors were farmers in the parish of Fyvie. Imlah learned the business of a piano-maker, and as a tuner became an expert. He published two volumes of his poetical effusions, and contributed several songs to Macleod's "National Melodies." Most of his poems are written in a strain of fervid patriotism, and many of them still retain their popularity. His song on "Saint Andrew's

Day" has not been equalled for its appropriateness and sweetness. Imlah died at Jamaica in 1841.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

Here's health and hail to Goth and Gael,
 Wha bear the Norlan' name,
 Blythe be they a'—the far away,
 And happier folk at hame !
 And spend we gowd, or but a grot,
 Our drink be what it may,
 Let Scot rejoice wi' brither Scot,
 Upon Saint Andrew's Day.

Where'er we live, whate'er our lot,
 Still will I plead and pray,
 That Scot rejoice wi' brither Scot
 Upon Saint Andrew's Day.

Some seek the Edens o' the East,
 Some Carib isles explore—
 The forests of the "far-off West,"
 And Afric's savage shore.
 Still charms of native speech and spot,
 And native springs for aye
 Will band like brithers Scot with Scot
 Upon Saint Andrew's Day.
 Where'er we live, etc.

Some that have won an honoured name,
 Some that have gathered gear,
 And others a' unknown to fame
 Or fortune, may be here.
 But be we clad in braid-cloth coat
 Or hame-spun hoddie grey,
 Let Scot rejoice wi' brither Scot
 Upon Saint Andrew's Day.
 Where'er we live, etc.

Have we not cause to crack fu' crouse,
 When this dear day returns,
 Dear to the land o' Robert Bruce,
 The land o' Robert Burns !
 Wha better raised the patriot brand
 And poured the patriot lay,
 Than prince and peasant of the land
 That loves Saint Andrew's Day.
 Where'er we live, etc.

"The better day, the better deed,"
 The saying's auld, I trow,
 Those of our nation here in need
 Be they remembered now.
 Each mite on high is treasure stored
 We here to poortith pay,
 'Twill crown our cup—'twill bless our board
 Upon Saint Andrew's Day.
 Where'er we live, whate'er our lot,
 Still will I plead and pray,
 That Scot rejoice wi' brither Scot
 Upon Saint Andrew's Day.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

The land o' cakes ! the land o' cakes !
 O, mony blessings on it;
 Fair fa' the land o' hills an' lakes,
 The bagpipe and the bonnet.
 The country o' the kilted clans,
 That cowed the Dane and Roman;
 Whose sons hae still the hearts an' han's
 To welcome friend or foeman.
 Then swell the sang baith loud an' lang,
 Till the hills like aspens quiver;
 An' fill ye up, an' toast the cup,
 "The land o' cakes for ever."

Be scorn'd the Scot within whose heart
 Nae patriot flame is burning;
 Wha kens nae pain frae hame to part,
 Nae joy when back returning;
 Nae love for him in life shall yearn,
 Nae tears in death deplore him;
 He hath nae coronach nor cairn
 Wha shames the land that bore him.
 Then swell the sang, &c.

Fair flow'r the gowans in our glens,
 The heather on our mountains;
 The blue bells deck our wizard dens,
 And kiss our sparkling fountains.
 On knock and knowe, the whin and broom,
 And on the braes the breckan;

Not even Eden's flow'rs in bloom
 Could sweeter blossoms reckon.

Then swell the sang, &c.

When flows our quaich within the glen,
 Within the hall our glasses,
 We'll toast "Auld Scotland's honest men,"
 Thrice o'er "Her bonnie lasses."
 An' deep we'll drink "The Queen and Kirk,"
 "Our country an' our freedom,"
 Wi' broad claymore, an' Highland dirk,
 We're ready when they need them.

Then swell the sang, &c.

The following was first sung at a banquet in the Masonic Hall, Edinburgh, in 1861, but its authorship is unknown :—

SONG FOR SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

Come gather round the cozy hearth,
 And let us chant a canty lay;
 For Scottish hearts ower a' the earth
 Are blythe upon Saint Andrew's Day.
 Since that gude Saint, in days o' yore,
 Led forth our sires in battle fray,
 And won for Scotland deathless gloir—
 A' Scotsmen bless Saint Andrew's Day.

Come then brither join wi' brither,
 Lilt and sing a' blythe and gay;
 Linked in holy love thegither,
 Blessings on Saint Andrew's Day!

In every clime, in every land,
 On every shore, on every sea,
 Far, far frae Scotland's rugged strand,
 Are members of her millions three—
 Parts of her small but matchless band,
 Men born the world to teach and sway
 All bound together heart and hand,
 By Scotland and Saint Andrew's Day.
 Come then, &c.

Now France and Scotland form anew
 Their league of friendship as of yore;
 And in the forest of St. Cloud
 They hunt the stag and spear the boar.

And Athole's lord and France's king
 Now twine the olive with the bay;
 While *thistles* linked with *lilies* spring
 To grace dear auld Saint Andrew's Day.

Come then, &c.

And here within this regal hall,
 With dear Saint Andrew shrined on high,
 We'll cherish deep the pledge we all
 Have made beneath yon radiant eye.
 And may the holy star of love
 Light up our hearts with genial ray,
 And mason aye to mason prove
 True brothers on Saint Andrew's Day.

Come then brither join wi' brither,
 Lilt and sing a' blythe and gay;
 Linked in holy love thegither,
 Blessings on Saint Andrew's Day !

The author of "The Crape on the Door"—one of the truest bits of lyric poetry which Canada has given to the world—Mr. A. H. Wingfield, of Hamilton, Ont., is not behind his fellow Scottish-Canadian bards in singing the praises of Saint Andrew and Scotland. The following lines were read at a festival of the Hamilton Saint Andrew's Society several years ago :—

SCOTLAND.

Hail, Scotland ! land o' mickle fame,
 Where a' my forbears found a hame,
 Where poets, sages, and divines,
 In pleasant places cast their lines—
 Where honor, truth, and worth are found,
 And every "neuk" is "hallowed ground,"
 Land o' my sires ! tho' far away,
 I greet thee on Saint Andrew's Day.
 I'm aye Canadian, a' the year,
 Until Saint Andrew's Day draws near,
 And then the Scotch bluid fires my veins—
 Auld Scotland the ascendant gains,
 And mem'ry aye brings back to min'
 My boyhood's days in Auld Lang Syne;

When I by Kelvin's streams hae roved,
 To dream and muse on things I loved—
 Or wandered doon by Scotston Wood,
 And there at eve, enchanted stood
 To hear the blackbird trill his lays,
 And sing his evening sang o' praise,
 Just ere the sun had sunk to rest
 In that dear land he loves the best.

Leese me ! on thee, Auld Scotland, dear,
 Tho' parted four-and-twenty year,
 Thy memory is as fresh and green
 As tho' I'd left you but yestre'en;
 And if I'd live a hunder year,
 To me ye'd aye be just as dear.

Wha wadna love that mountain-land
 Where Bruce and Wallace drew the brand
 That first gave freedom to her sons,
 And made their mem'ries hallow'd ones ?
 Wha wadna love ilk flowery dell,
 O'er which Scott threw his magic spell,
 Where poesy enraptured reigns,
 And sweetly sings in Doric strains !
 Wha wadna love the land which gave
 To Truth sae many martyrs brave,
 That didna fear to draw their sword
 To fecht the battles o' the Lord,—
 Wha for their conscience boldly stood,
 Drenched to the very knees in blood,
 And fearless shed their own, that we,
 Their sons, should be forever free,
 To worship God, by nicht or day,
 As our ain conscience points the way ?
 Wha wadna love its hills and dales,
 It's blooming haughs and fertile vales,
 Its broomy knowes and heath-clad fells,
 The sweet sound o' its Sabbath bells,
 Its grand auld kirks and worthy men,
 Its martyrs' cairns on hill and glen,
 Its bonnie, bloomin', black-e'd queens,
 Ilk ane o' them like "Jeanie Deans,"
 Its bards wha sang o' bonnets blue,
 O' pibroch, plaids and mountain dew ?
 A recreant loon that Scot must be
 Wha disna love and honor thee.

My country ! on thy shrine I lay
A heart that beats as true this day
As when I said farewell to thee,
To follow fortune o'er the sea.

The following song, also by Mr. Wingfield, was written
for a Saint Andrew's celebration in Hamilton in 1883 :—

THE "BLUE BANNETS' " DAY.

Sing ye the auld Scots sangs again—
The sangs o' our dear native lan'—
An' tell us in a cheerie strain
O' a' that's guid an' a' that's gran';
Strike up our guid auld harp ance mair
An' shout forth glorious "Scots Wha Hae,"
An' wauken wit an' burnish lear,
For this is the "Blue Bannets' " day.

Tell ye the auld weird Border tales,
An' a' our gallant sires hae done,
Wha fought an' fell for liberty
Alang wi' Bruce at Bannockburn;
Speak o' the deeds o' Wallace wight,
Wha led in mony a battle-fray—
Tell o' his matchless power an' micht,
For this is the "Blue Bannets' " day.

Rehearse the life o' great John Knox,
Wha' never feared the face o' man—
Whase heart was firm as are the rocks
That gird the shores o' Scotia's stran';
Speak o' our martyrs' graves an' cairns
That still are seen on bank an' brae,
An' a' our Covenantin' bairns,
For this is the "Blue Bannets' " day.

Fling loose the lyre o' Walter Scott,
An' let its magic power be felt;
Point to the grave o' Robert Burns,
Whaur Scotia's sel' has wept an' knelt.
Hark, how his rustic harp still rings !
O'er a' our hearts it still holds sway—
God's gift to man; how sweet it sings
On this our ain "Blue Bannets' " day.

Oh, Scotlan' ! Scotlan' ! there's a charm
 That wiles our hearts awa' to thee,
 An' pu's an' pu's them back again
 Frae Canada, sae blest an' free.
 Folks ca' us clannish; let them talk,
 Guid sen' that we may aye be sae !
 There's ae day in the year for you,
 An' that is the " Blue Bannets' " day.

Mr. George Pirie, for many years editor and owner of the Guelph, Ont., *Herald*, was one of the most enthusiastic Scots who ever cast their fortunes on Canadian soil. Long absence from his native land seemed to fan his patriotic sentiments as the years went on to a brighter flame. For some twenty-one years he was secretary of the local Saint Andrew's Society, and in that capacity did much to "aid the distressed" and also to uphold the fair fame of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," which he fondly claimed as his own. He was born at Aberdeen in 1799, and died at Guelph in 1870. In 1874 a volume of his poems was issued, which contains the following lines, entitled,

SONS OF SAINT ANDREW.

Sons of Saint Andrew stand,
 True to your native land,
 Warm heart and ready hand,
 Sure to defend her.
 Land of the lake and glen,
 Wild wood and lofty Ben,
 Fair maids and gallant men,
 Greetings we send her.

Hail to the banner blue,
 Standard of the Alpin Dhu;
 Hail to the brave and true
 Round it that gather;
 Shoulder to shoulder stand,
 Grasp we each brother's hand,
 Now for our native land,
 Shout for the heather.

Far from Clan Alpin Dhu
Wanders the bonnet blue,
Still to that magnet true,
 Turns his heart thither.
Far though his fate may part,
Land of his love thou art,
Ever the Scottish heart,
 Warms to the heather.

Sages of Peerless fame,
Heroes of deathless name,
Minstrels whose notes of fame
 Kindled the heather;
Such were our sires of old,
Guarding their mountain hold,
Peasant and baron bold
 Banded together.

Woosers to win her came,
Roman and rover Dane,
Saxon and Norman then
 Thought to have bound her;
Up went the cross of flame,
Ronald and Donald came,
Claymore !—and the foe in shame
 Left as he found her.

Ours is no summer flower,
Flaunting in lady's bower;
Shrinking when tempests lour,
 Blooming to wither;
High on the mountain's crest,
Shrouding the eagle's nest,
Braving the tempest test,
 Grows the red heather.

The late William Murdoch, of St. John, N. B., who won considerable success in that maritime city as a poet, wrote a song for "The Day," which was sung at the annual festival of the Saint Andrew's Society of St. John in 1862. Murdoch died a few years ago. His last volume of poems, issued in 1872, was received with much favor, and the large number of subscribers which he obtained for it in

advance of publication testifies to the favourable opinion which was entertained for his skill as a rhymers. From that volume the following song is taken :—

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

Ye canty sons o' Caledon,
 I'm blythe to meet ye here,
 On this aboon ilk ither nicht
 That marks the rolling year.
 What though the gurgly winter win's
 Hold forth in angry tones,
 We've something here to cheer our hearts,
 Sae Donald wake thy drones.

CHORUS—And fill ye up a brimming cup,
 Let's joy in't while we may;
 And as we tak' the tither sup
 We'll toast Saint Andrew's Day.

Saint Andrew was a jolly Saint
 I've heard auld kimmers tell,
 Wha lo'ed in sanctly company
 A quegh frae Donald's stell.
 And when beneath the social board
 His peers had stretched their bones,
 He o'er his shouther laid his pipes
 And kittled up the drones.

CHORUS—

What though the wide Atlantic roars
 'Tween this and Scotia's shore,
 In fancy still we see the knowes
 We trod in youth and yore.
 That haggis, too, "warm, reekin', rich,"
 'Neath which the table groans,
 Recalls fond mem'ries o' the past
 And sae dae Donald's drones.

CHORUS—

The siller-mounted sneeshin' mull
 And streamin' toddy-bowl
 Bring back the days when laird and serf
 Sat boozing cheek-by-jowl;

The kilted clansmen spring to life
And ilk his armour dons
On hearing these wild martial strains
That come frae Donald's drones.

CHORUS—

The hoary and much honoured Chief*
Presiding o'er this dine,
Recalls the Scottish gentleman
Of ages past langsyne.
Lang may he toddle up and down,
Relieving poortiths moans,
A credit to the heathery land
Where echo Donald's drones.

CHORUS—Sae fill ye up a brimming cup,
Let's joy in't while we may;
And as we tak' the tither sup
We'll toast Sanct Andrew's Day.

A singer of real sweetness and considerable power, Don Keith, gamekeeper at Brechin Castle, has written one of the most pleasing poems which the influences of Saint Andrew's Day have ever inspired. Mr. Keith was in the United States for two or three years, and there probably became impressed with the modern motto of the Saint—"Relieve the Distressed"—and the hallowing, kindly and patriotic ideas which have been evoked under the mantle of his fame.

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

November's blasts frae ilka tree
Have stripped the leafy bough,
An' hush'd each melting melody
That thrilled the forest through,
Save where, frae 'mang the blackened slaes,
The robin pipes his lay,
Turning our hearts to love and peace
To hail Saint Andrew's Day.

* L. Donaldson, Esq., then president of the society.

Roused by the storm-clouds beacon blaze,
 The torrents pale with rage,
 Rush madly on to join the strife
 Where winds and waves engage.
 Hurrying along triumphantly,
 They shake their plumes of spray,
 And hoarsely cheer exultingly
 To greet Saint Andrew's Day.

True types of Caledonia's sons,
 As varying moods inspire,
 Tender as readbreasts in their love,
 Fierce torrents in their ire.
 But far we'll banish wrath this morn,
 True friendship claims the sway,
 As hand in hand and heart in heart
 We hail Saint Andrew's Day.

Peace and goodwill on earth to man
 This day be Scotia's prayer;
 To aid the poor, relieve distress,
 Be each true Scotsman's care.
 Love, health and peace be each chiel's lot,
 Baith here and far away,
 Whose patriot heart throbs loud with pride
 Upon Saint Andrew's Day.

Evan McColl, the "Bard of Lochfyneside," one of the sweetest and purest Gaelic poets of the time, boasts of having written more songs in honour of Saint Andrew's Day than any other writer. Thirty, in all, are believed to have come from his pen, a proof of his patriotism, if not of his ability as a poet. But in English, as well as in Gaelic, McColl has written much which the world will not willingly allow to die, although for the sake of his own fame it is to be regretted that his finest verses have been written in his mother-tongue. A volume of his collected English poems, published a few years ago, stamps him as a "makar" of no ordinary merit, and extended his fame amongst Scottish readers in this country and Scotland. Mr.

McColl was born at Kenmore, Argyllshire, in 1808, and long held a position in H. M. Customs at Kingston, Ont. He is still the bard of the Kingston Saint Andrew's Society, an honorary office of which he is justly proud. The following song is the best concerning Saint Andrew's Day which has come from his gifted pen :—

THE DAY AN' A' WHA HONOR IT.

What though we Scotsmen may agree
To differ somewhat now and then,
Each in his own opinion free
Unflinching as a Grampian Ben.
No kirks or creeds divide us here;
Alike Conservative and Grit
As one rejoice to toast and cheer
“The Day an' a' wha honor it.”

“The Day an' a' wha honor it,”
What magic in that simple phrase !
It fires my blood to fever heat,
It minds me of far blooming braes:
Fair Scotia's Forths, and Clydes, and Speys
Seem gliding at my very feet;
A patriot ring exultant has
“The Day an' a' wha honor it.”

It wafts me back to days long gone
When grasp'd the Bruce his Carrick spear,
And deeds eclipsing Marathon
Made him to fame and freedom dear;
I see the flash of broadswords bare,
And Scotland's foes in full retreat;
Hurrah, then, for our slogan rare !
“The Day an' a' wha honor it.”

St. Patrick—terror of the saints—
Old Erin's sons may well hold dear,
They got him from the Land o' Cakes,
And thus we, too, his name revere.
St. George loved less the cross than spear,
Why sainted, puzzles quite my wit;
Here's to Saint Andrew's memory rare,
“The Day an' a' wha honor it.”

Let niggard bodies miss our joy,
 Too meanly counting on the cost,
 The patriot flame to fan, say I,
 Is never love or labor lost.
 Then of our Day let's make the most;
 Time never travels half so fleet
 As when together Scotsmen toast
 "The Day an' a' wha honor it."

The following anonymous production first appeared in
 1885:—

SAINT ANDREW'S DAY.

From the land of rain and wrathful weather,
 The sunny land of purple heather,
 Land of the changing sky!
 Home of mem'ries dear—so dear;
 Far off, yet to this heart so near,
 Where the bones of our fathers lie.

From north to south, from east to west,
 Sad wanderers we roam,
 By cruel poverty opprest,
 Forced from our darling home.

But the skirl of the pipe yet rings in our ear,
 As it did when the onset was boldest;
 Though we cannot but wipe from our lashes a tear,
 Yet the sound thrills the heart of the coldest.

Sounding, sounding, shrilly sounding,
 Shoulder to shoulder on they go,
 Shrilly, keenly, bravely sounding,
 When did they fear to meet the foe?

Of Wallace wight the glory,
 We tell our sons the story,
 And how with Bruce their fathers fought and bled;
 How steamed the white saltire
 On Frankish fields of fire,
 And on to victory old Scotia led.
 Of Waterloo we tell,
 Where Scotsmen fought so well,
 And wrote in blood their country's lasting fame:
 And of that gallant cry
 When the "Greys" went sweeping by,
 To add fresh glory to old Scotland's name.

We tell of Alma's slopes,
Of Russia's shattered hopes.
When Campbell's tartan'd line the onset bore;
Or how the "Black Watch" stood,
And fought it rood by rood,
So lately by Suakim's sandy shore.

Then to these mem'ries brave,
And our homes across the wave,
Each brimming goblet raise and quickly drain;
For 'tis Saint Andrew's Day,
So let each heart be gay,
And dream awhile we are at home again.

The poem which follows first appeared in the *New York Christian at Work* in June, 1886, and has since been extensively copied by the Press of this country and Canada :—

TWA SCOTS.

Twa youthfu' Scots came ower the sea
Frae where the Spey first meets the ocean,
To try and win Dame Fortune's smiles
In farm toil or trade's commotion.

They loved their hame, its hills and dales,
Wi' grand historic lore attendant,
But lack o' gear gaed little hope
That bidin', they'd be independent.

By wild Lake Erie's rugged shore
They settled, and wi' sturdy toil
They clear'd a farm frae brush and root,
And glean'd gear frae the virgin soil.

And twa miles south there lay a toun
Where centered a' the county's treasure;
And soon in it they had some trade,
Their craps to sell, their corn to measure.

Their lassies syne frae Scotland cam,
And settled down in comfort wi' them,
And weel-stocked houses crown'd the farm
And couthy bairns were born to them.

As years roll'd on their interests lay
Alike at stake in farm an' toun;
And wealth cam' flowin' in apace
And blythesome ilka day wore roun'.

SAINT ANDREW.

Ane owned a railroad, ane a mine.
Ane had a mill and ane a quarry,
And as their hands grew fu', their bairns
Took part and hain'd them frae the worry.

Ane built a kirk, and fee'd it fair;
Ane built the puir, the sick, the lame
A snug and bien' like restin' place,
And call'd it a Saint Andrew's Hame.

And to the puir at hame, some wealth
They freely sent baith spring and simmer,
And mony a frail man blessed their names,
And for their peace pray'd mony a kimmer.

Sae passed their lives content and pure,
Aye winnin' love through bein' kindly,
And helpin' ithers up the brae
They ance had clamb sae sair and blindly.

And when at last their time did come,
And baith to their lang hame were carried,
The neighbors a' for mony miles
Foregathered roun' where they were buried.

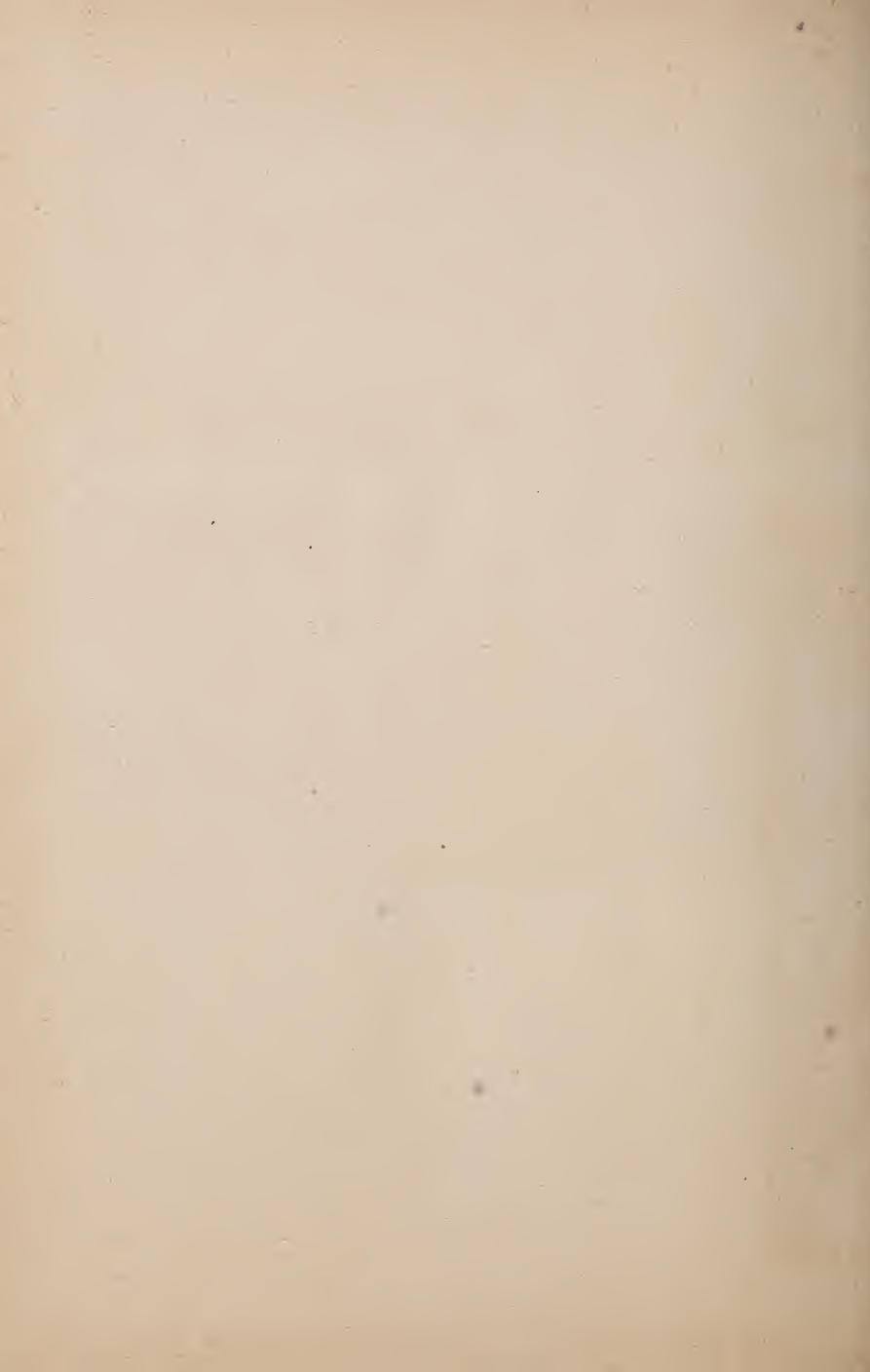
And o'er their graves is ae braid stane
Which haps their clay frae weat and wind;
And at the foot are carved these lines,
'Neath where their names are intertwined;

"God rest them ! Now their work is o'er:
On their fair fame there's ne'er a blot,
They acted well their several parts
And loved to help a brither Scot.

"For this was aye their hamely creed—
Ilk Scotsman is a Scotsman's brither:—
And whiles wi' glee they sung a sang,
Some auld stave learned on hills o' heather.

"They did whate'er they thought was right,
And shared alike earth's glee and sorrow;
And when life's work was done and past,
They won the peace which comes—to-morrow."





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